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The Shape of Things

SAFEGUARDS AGAINST RUNAWAY INFLATION have been dangerously weakened both by amendments to the OPA extension bill and by the lifting of controls over a long list of industrial and consumer items. Although the House Banking and Currency Committee voted fifteen to four to extend the life of the OPA for a year, it took this action only after it had hamstrung the agency by several dangerous amendments. The worst of these is a provision abolishing the program by which the OPA has attempted to secure an adequate supply of low-cost clothing; this provision makes a sharp rise in clothing prices inevitable. Because of another "public-be-damned" restriction the OPA can no longer force such retailers as automobile dealers to absorb part of the price increases in raw materials that it has granted. Subsidies are to be limited to 75 per cent of the amount requested. At the same time, apparently in response to pressure from retailers, the OPA has abolished price control over several thousand consumer-goods items. Most of them are individually of little importance in the average family's budget, but in the aggregate they amount to approximately 15 per cent of all consumer goods. The OPA abolished price restrictions on six classes of machinery and industrial equipment which constitute one-third of the country's capital-goods output. Sharp price increases are anticipated soon in milk, butter, and other essential food products; a rise in the price of coal is expected to accompany the settlement of the current coal strike. Taken separately, none of these setbacks seem of grave importance, but if we view them in terms of our whole economy, it is plain that we are confronted, not with a series of minor reverses, but with a major disaster on the price front.

*

STYLES IN POLITICAL MORALITY, LIKE THE Supreme Court of Mr. Dooley's day, "follow the election returns." From a vote in which only the balloting itself appears to have been honest, Colonel Juan D. Perón emerges as the President of the Argentine Republic, and immediately the swaggering fascist becomes a respected chief of state. Forgotten are the mass bribery, the intimidation, the extremes of demagogy and violence that marked his campaign; all but forgotten, too, is his record as an Axis collaborator during the war and a protector of Nazi agents. With wholly unnecessary haste the United States has named an ambassador to the new government. In public, Secretary of State Byrnes has notified the Perón regime that if it will now behave itself, all will be forgiven and its signature to a mutual-assistance pact will be welcomed and honored; in private, he has assured a Senatorial committee that his department has already "turned a page on the present chapter of relations with Latin America." At the same time the major Latin American governments have been quick to mount the band-wagon with statements proclaiming their solidarity with the Argentine sister-republic. While all this bowing and scraping proceeds, Perón's followers join in a manifesto proclaiming "one party—one leader." And at the ceremonies attending the installation of the new deputies, the handful of elected anti-Peronistas are howled down and hooted out of the Chamber. The proposal of the Nation Associates that the Perón government be suspended from the U. N. until it fulfils the pledges on the basis of which it was made a member has been renewed in a letter to the Security Council. But so far there has been no sign that the Council is even interested. Only Spruille Braden, among the officials, continues to see in Perón the President, Perón the rabble-rousing friend of the Nazis. And the more tenaciously he clings to his view, the less tenaciously he clings to his job.

*

THE RECENT JAPANESE ELECTIONS ARE A classic example of how conservative administration can defeat liberal policies. The directives under which General MacArthur operates call for eliminating the dominant role of the *Zaibatsu,* or monopolists, in Japanese political and economic life. Yet we permitted the elections to be conducted by a government headed by a Mitsubishi man, Baron Shidehara. The Shidehara government approved the candidacy of Ichiro Hatoyama, head of the *Zaibatsu*-dominated Liberal Party, despite his past praise of Hitler and Mussolini and his active suppression of anti-fascist teachers and students during his period as Education Minister in the early thirties. Extensive government favoritism, together with adequate financing and an experienced political machine, enabled the Liberals to emerge as the strongest party, capable of forming a Cabinet with the aid of the reactionary

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· IN THIS ISSUE ·

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things 449
Act Now on Famine 451
Spain Is Still the Test *by Freda Kirchwey* 452

ARTICLES

The McMahon Bill *by I. F. Stone* 454
We're From Missouri *by Ernest Kirschten* 455
The World Comes of Age *by Albert Guérard* 457
Mission to India *by Shiva Rao* 459
Dinner with Herriot *by J. Alvarez del Vayo* 461
Everybody's Business *by Keith Hutchison* 462
Don't Believe Anything you Read! *by Henry Steele Commager* 463
In the Wind 465

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Dreiser and the Liberal Mind *by Lionel Trilling* 466
Two Poems *by Randall Jarrell* 472
Preacher Manqué *by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.* 472
The Ends of Education *by Irwin Edman* 476
The Happy Warrior *by Rolfe Humphries* 478
Answering Zion *by Keith Hutchison* 479
Briefer Comment 481
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 483
Drama *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 487
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 488

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 490

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 157 *by Jack Barrett* 491

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"Progressive" Party and other right-wing elements. There is some consolation in the fact that the activities of the conservative majority will be challenged, if not blocked, by an effective and sizable minority, including the venerable independent Yukio Ozaki, the feminist leader, Mrs. Shizue Kato (formerly Baroness Ishimoto), who ran as a Socialist, and the Communist Sanzo Nosaka, who has advocated a Democratic Front to mobilize Japan's anti-fascists.

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THE BATTLE FOR THE NATION'S HEALTH IS being waged on Capitol Hill. The forces of perennial reaction, backed by the American Medical Association, are making their last-ditch stand against a bill that would guarantee medical care to most Americans. The level of opposition to the Murray-Wagner-Dingell bill (S-1606) has not risen much above that set by Senator Taft in his melodramatic exit from the committee hearings. Since then Senator Donnell of Missouri has revealed in his witness-baiting the intellectual and social bankruptcy of those who prefer widespread neglect of a people's health to any measure that might encroach upon the vested interests of the medical profession and the drug cartels. What we want to know is: Where is the active and vocal liberal support that ought to be rallying to Senator Murray? Senator Aiken has made a few appearances. But where are Senators Pepper, Tunnell, La Follette, Morse, and Guffey? Outside the committee the fight for the bill is being headed up by such organizations as the Physicians' Forum, the Committee for the Nation's Health, and the Citizens' Committee to Extend Medical Care (in Chicago). They are working hard to counter the thousands of pamphlets and canned editorials with which the A. M. A. and its stooge organization, the National Physicians' Committee, are flooding the country. But the real battle is on the floor of the committee, and *Nation* readers should urge their liberal Senators to get in there and fight.

*

NEXT MONTH TWO HUNDRED ORGANIZERS, backed by a million dollars, the determination of Philip Murray, and the unofficial sanction of the Truman Administration, will set out to remake the South. The drive, known in trade-union circles as "Operation Dixie," will be, first, a "straight, clean-cut, pure, unadulterated campaign to organize" more than a million Southerners in the textile, lumber, and chemical industries, in agriculture, and in white-collar jobs. But Mr. Murray, describing the drive as "almost a holy crusade," makes it clear that the "by-products," political and social, are very much in his mind and of the most far-reaching character. "The men and women of the South," he told a Detroit audience last week, "must be free, and we must deliver to them their political and economic emancipation." The very fact of extensive unionization, he believes, will

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spell the end of the poll tax and ultimately of all forms of economic discrimination. The Administration appears, with good reason, to see in the spread of unionization the only way of shaking off the incubus of the Rankins without at the same time destroying the party's hold on the Solid South. Political emancipation for millions of Negroes and poor whites, if achieved under the aegis of the Administration would keep the South safely Democratic even if it meant the loss of the Bourbons. And that loss—if such it can be called—is not inevitable. The fight will be long, and fierce at the outset, but let the C. I. O. score a few notable victories and many a Dixie coalitionist, with a nervous eye on his new constituents, will discover fresh virtues in tolerance—and rediscover the advantages of party regularity.

✶

IF THE ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST displayed by the Senate's Banking and Currency Committee prevails in the rest of Congress, Great Britain will receive the $3,750,000,000 credit it seeks, the free flow of world trade will be greatly stimulated, a new and dangerous autarchy will be averted, and the peace in general will be elevated to firmer ground. It was with these objectives that the committee approved the loan by a vote of fourteen to five and rejected the three crippling amendments proposed by Senators McFarland, Taft, and Capehart. Unless the same objectives are kept in the foreground of debate, these and similar efforts to emasculate the measure will be a continuing menace. For the most part these attempts have come from the right—from isolationist and traditionally anti-British sources. But the misconception that the loan is merely a handout to the British—and should therefore be hedged about with political bargaining—has now sprung up on the left as well. A resolution adopted by the Win-the-Peace Conference calls for a delay in granting the loan until "sufficient guaranties have been given that these materials and funds will not be used for the exploitation and oppression of colonial peoples." What would constitute such a "guaranty"? And how could any nation be expected to debase itself, hat in hand, in this fashion? Obviously no nation is expected to do so—neither Britain, which is the subject of the resolution, nor the Soviet Union, for which the conference demanded an immediate loan without qualifications.

✶

THE BRITISH COMMUNIST PARTY POLLED 102,000 votes at last year's general election, the British Labor Party some 12,000,000; so that numerically the one is to the other as the flea to the elephant. Yet the passionate desire of the insect to affiliate with the pachyderm threatens to overshadow all other issues at the Labor Party's annual conference in June. The chances that the affiliation resolution will be approved are at present rated as rather favorable since the Communists, having successfully infiltrated the industrial wing of the Labor movement, are assured of the bloc votes of several of the largest trade unions. At any rate the National Executive of the Labor Party has been sufficiently perturbed to issue a very strong manifesto blasting Communist talk of "working-class unity" as an attempt to disrupt the party from within. In addition, Harold Laski as chairman of the party has published a pamphlet demonstrating the incompatibility of Communist and Labor Party purposes. We must say we sympathize with the desire of the Labor Party's top political figures to reject such uncomfortable bedfellows as the Communists. Combining tremendous energy and pertinacity with a talent for political manipulation and a ruthless opportunism, they are likely to rule or ruin any organization which unites with them. At the same time it is only just to observe that the British Labor government is not without responsibility for the support which the Communists have attracted in recent months. At home as well as abroad, Foreign Secretary Bevin's failure to follow a clear, democratic international policy has played into the hands of the extreme left.

Act Now on Famine

MR. PRESIDENT, it's definitely up to you. You and no one else have the immediate responsibility of saying whether millions of people starve while Americans grow fat. All tests of public opinion show that we are willing to back you up on a stiff set-aside and rationing program. We'll back you in cutting bakers and millers to 75 per cent of their 1945 allottment of flour. The emergency is here now, an emergency just as acute—if we had the imagination to realize it—as any we faced during the war. For unless we act quickly, famine will take a bigger toll than war in Europe and Asia, and the basis of rebuilding a democratic civilization will be destroyed.

Jockeyed around by pressure groups and selfish food interests your Administration has up to now given fumbling leadership. Congress is actually calculating the cost of aid to starving people in terms of votes next November. Neither the palsied efforts of the Administration nor the callous isolationism of self-styled Representatives reflects the conscience of the American people. It is our considered opinion that voluntary measures are utterly inadequate and that the kind of emergency action which we welcomed during the war is now called for.

We can't believe, Mr. President, that the Secretary of Agriculture speaks for the American people when he complains that rationing is much easier for a small nation like England than for a "large nation like the United States, which produces so much wheat over such a large area." The mechanics may be difficult—although it is strange to hear an American plead mechanical diffi-

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culties at this stage of victory—but it is grimly laughable to put our food "difficulties" in the same sentence as England's. LaGuardia is on sounder ground when he shames us by appealing to England to stint itself still more because its peoples know what it is to sacrifice.

Nor is Secretary Anderson making much more sense when he continues to speak of the "critical ninety days" ahead of us and pleads that rationing could not be introduced soon enough to be of much help. Every reliable report from the famine fronts testifies to the absurdity of this point of view. The emergency is most acute now. That simply means that food has to be moved out of this country and into Europe fast if hundreds of thousands are to be saved. But after this acute stage has been passed, the long job of building up the world's depleted food reserves remains. Extraordinary drafts on last year's harvest both for export and feed have made inroads on the North American carry-over. However good the immediate prospects, lack of fertilizer and man-power shortage will keep Europe's next year's crop far below the pre-war normal. Moreover, the drought in India will, it is estimated, reduce grain crops by seven million tons—a catastrophic fall in view of the acute shortage of rice throughout eastern Asia.

Meanwhile what are we doing? Washington issued a thirty-point food-saving program some weeks ago but has followed it up with no active propaganda campaign. Herbert Hoover, visibly shocked by his findings in Europe, still insists that rationing is not needed. The average American, attempting to put into effect the advice of the government and the dictates of his conscience, finds it hard to make the imaginative leap between his breakfast table and a hungry child in Poland. Private agencies like "Food for Freedom" work with a desperate fervor to arouse public opinion. Other nations are behaving with a more adult appreciation of the nature of the crisis. England has volunteered to install bread rationing if we do and is already using every possible propaganda device—movies, radio, billboards—to prevent waste. Canada has kept butter and sugar rationing, has reestablished meat rationing, and has set aside for export to the famine areas 10 per cent of the wheat that went into domestic milling in 1945 and 50 per cent of wheat that went into distilling. Even Argentina, according to the latest reports, is contemplating drastic steps.

Mr. President, there is no time to be lost. This is an issue in world affairs in which the United States cannot afford to shirk its responsibilities. You have recently promised to stand in the tradition of Franklin Roosevelt, who gave, not only to the American people but to the free nations of the world, leadership throughout the bitter war years. In this crisis we know the line he would have taken. Now is your chance to fulfil that pledge. For unless we, as the world's most fortunate nation, do our part in bringing about freedom from acute want, all four freedoms are in danger of being lost.

Spain Is Still the Test

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THREE years ago a middle-aged shop steward in Glasgow said to me: "I tell you the active unionists, the workers who know what this war is about, they follow what's happening in Europe. They're suspecting a big sell-out of the common people all over Europe. And the countries they are watching are Russia and Spain. They have a special strong feeling about those two countries; they've come to be a kind of test. . . . You can look for trouble if the government tries to sell out Spain or Russia again." Those words are exact: I wrote them in my notebook as soon as the conversation ended.

Today I think we can leave the conduct of the present British Foreign Minister to the judgment of that Scottish shop steward and the other workers of Britain. Greece was only a warning; Spain is still the test. Watch well, Ernie! Your own fate and that of your government are at stake in the vote your agent, Sir Alexander Cadogan—such an odd representative for a Labor government—casts in the Security Council on Spain.

Of greater and more pressing concern to Americans is the policy of our own government. By the time this page is read, the State Department will probably have revealed its position on Poland's proposal. But even before the issue is joined, one can safely anticipate what that position will be. Unless all signs fail, Mr. Stettinius will commit the United States to a brand-new, 1946-model non-intervention policy. If he does, we shall know at last where we stand.

Ten years ago the shameful farce of non-intervention drove Spain into the arms of Hitler and Mussolini. The death of Republican Spain not only won the Axis a useful and subservient ally; it also revealed the political and moral weakness of the great democratic powers, their helpless confusion in the face of fascist determination. Not until their own existence was directly threatened were they able to rally their courage and overwhelming resources to oppose the aggressive power they themselves had so patiently helped to create. In 1936 non-intervention was the measure of the timidity of the democratic powers. It revealed how much greater was their fear of popular resistance to fascism than of fascism itself.

In 1946, too? If so, what meaning is to be found in the death of millions and the destruction of a Continent; what hope in a United Nations that repeats the hypocritical subterfuges that brought the League of Nations to its late unlamented suicide?

Non-intervention! The ugly symbol hangs again over the Council of the new league. Again the democracies, driven by the same fears, yielding to the same pressures, protesting the same devotion to the sovereign independence of fascist states, look for new ways to win delay and avoid issues. And again, as in 1936, their delegates

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leave the defense of a great democratic cause to those nations they have freely attacked as the enemies of democracy, while whispering among themselves, "See, Spain is just a Communist issue; always was."

Am I moving too fast, prejudging my own government? Am I assuming without evidence that it has learned nothing since it stumbled down the road of appeasement into war? I hope so. I hope this week will have proved me unfair. But signs accumulate to justify my mistrust. From the time the Spanish issue was ruled out by State Department fiat at Chapultepec, just a year ago, the United States has ducked and dodged and hidden behind a barrage of sanctimonious words which time has shown to have no meaning. It was in the face of the express disapproval of Mr. Stettinius that a resolution barring Franco from the United Nations was offered at San Francisco last June. We have in our possession a remarkable letter to the Friends of the Spanish Republic in which our permanent delegate to the Security Council said frankly, before that resolution was introduced:

> . . . The question of the admission . . . of specific states not at war with the enemies of the United Nations is not . . . expected to be brought before the conference. Consequently, the United States delegation . . . does not expect to be called upon to take cognizance of a request for the admission of Spain. *Such a request might properly be entertained by the International Organization after its formation.* [The italics are mine. F. K.]

It was against the wish of the United States, and on the insistence of Russia, that the Potsdam conference last August put its seal on the San Francisco resolution. It was against the wish of the United States that the issue was raised at the General Assembly in London in February. And since then the United States has steadily resisted every proposal of action. It signed the three-power note with Britain and France branding Franco as an Axis-created dictator but turned down, first, the French request that the question be laid before the Security Council and then its alternative suggestion that the three powers apply economic sanctions, reduce their diplomatic relations to a minimum, and refer the security problem to the Council of Foreign Ministers.

Now that the question of Spain has been brought before the Council not by France, which yielded to American-British pressure, but by Poland, what will the State Department do? Already the old non-intervention devices are being made ready for use. Already it is preparing to demand "proof" that Franco's regime is a threat to international security. Proof—after seven years in which the Spanish fascists actively collaborated with the Axis in its war against the United Nations. (Evidence on this point provided by the State Department itself in its White Paper issued on March 4.) Proof—when every United States embassy in Latin America is loaded with reports of Phalangist espionage and support of fascist and anti-United States activities. (Spruille Braden could speak on this before the Security Council.) Proof—when the State Department has in its files the reports of its own agents and the investigators of the Foreign Economic Administration citing by name Nazi concerns which have all but monopolized important sectors of Spanish industry. (See the Memorandum on Spain submitted to the Security Council and printed in last week's *Nation.*)

The strategy of the State Department today echoes Britain's strategy in 1936 and 1937 when the Loyalists pleaded at Geneva for nothing more than an equal application of the rule of non-intervention. Throughout those bitter years, while 100,000 Italian Fascist troops fought in Spain and openly boasted of their presence and their deeds, and German planes with German pilots wiped out undefended Spanish villages, the League of Nations and the Non-Intervention Committee kept on asking for proof. Proof was offered—sheaves of documents captured from Italian and German commanders; German and Italian prisoners in thousands, German and Italian weapons. But the Non-Intervention Committee remained officially unconvinced.

Today our State Department wants Poland to produce specific evidence in support of its charge that Franco menaces the peace. Poland will be foolish if it falls into this old trap. To permit the issue of fascist Spain, in the year 1946, to turn on the question of whether a particular plant near Bilbao is equipped to carry on atomic-energy experiments and whether German scientists are at work there would be a major tactical error. If the story is true, it is a telling item in a case long since made. If it is untrue, the broad indictment of Franco remains unaffected.

By condemning Franco as an Axis creation, by broadcasting his deals with Hitler, by urging the Spanish people to turn him out, the United States has already admitted that the regime in Spain is in fact an international problem—not a purely domestic, Spanish one. Why, then, is our government so eager to keep the matter out of the hands of the United Nations? The reason, I am afraid, is this: Action by the Council would be public and aboveboard, ruling out deals behind closed doors. Action through diplomatic channels, backed by occasional remonstrances in public, makes possible a transition from the present dictatorship to some "moderate" Badoglio regime, such as we have favored elsewhere, approved by church and army and pledged to the stern suppression of disorder. Good sources in Washington report such a deal in the making; the initiative is said to have come from the Vatican. If this is so, the obvious policy of the State Department will be to stall for time and prevent action in the United Nations. If this is true, only the urgent demand of the people of America—sick and tired of deals with dictators—will force the President and Mr. Byrnes to reverse the fatal course set in 1936 and behave at last like democrats.

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The McMahon Bill

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 14

WHEN General Groves was before the McMahon committee last November, he was asked by Senator Austin of Vermont if it made any difference whether production of fissionable materials was placed "in the hands of an institution that is operating as a private enterprise" or left to a government agency. "I cannot imagine the government," General Groves replied, "failing to continue to have a controlling voice in this problem, because it involves the whole existence of the government and the people that make up that government." Senator Connally followed this up with another question. "Would it not be wholly impracticable," the Texan asked, "to turn this over to any private corporation?" The General answered, "I feel that this is so important that it must be retained under complete governmental control and that private industry should have no rights whatsoever with respect to this, excepting those rights that can be given without interfering with the welfare of the United States." The reply brought no protest from other members of the committee at that hearing, though these included leading conservatives of both parties—Vandenberg and Hickenlooper, Tydings and Byrd. That the military should take this point of view and that Senators of such rightist hue should acquiesce in it measure the revolutionary impact of the atom bomb on American thinking, and this is reflected in the terms of the McMahon bill as revised by the committee for submission to the Senate.

I do not set it down as any indication that a socialistic Utopia is around the corner, but history will record the fact that the laissez faire system was a victim of the bomb that fell on Hiroshima. After that, it will be noted, private enterprise played but a peripheral role in our economy, the state became the dominant element in the economy, and power was held by the classes or forces which succeeded in gaining control of the new government agencies created to handle atomic energy. In that perspective the McMahon bill is a better and more progressive bill than the May-Johnson bill or the Ball bill, not because it gives the proposed Atomic Energy Commission more power, but because it gives the commission less discretion. The May-Johnson and Ball bills are more sweeping in their grant of authority, so sweeping that wide areas in the development of this new discovery might be farmed out to favored monopolistic companies. The crucial fight will not come over whether atomic energy is to be government controlled, but (1) over the personnel of the commission to exercise that control, and (2) over the extent to which that commission is accorded freedom from Congressional direction and supervision.

The first victory for public control in the McMahon bill is its provision that "no member of the commission shall engage in any other business, vocation, or employment." The May-Johnson bill, as drafted "with the detailed supervision of Dr. [Vannevar] Bush and Dr. [James B.] Conant [of Harvard]," would allow members of the commission to "engage in other occupations or businesses, private or governmental." This was intended to permit army officers and big-business executives or their academic allies to serve on the commission. It would legitimatize that dual allegiance which was so familiar a part of the war-agency set-up in Washington. The McMahon bill, perhaps partly as a concession to balance its insistence on full-time commissioners with no other loyalty, now provides for a general advisory committee on which business men and academicians may serve and for a military liaison committee.

The powers of the military liaison committee, as established by the so-called Vandenberg amendment, jeopardize civilian control of atomic energy. In the final bill, as it will be reported to the Senate, the military liaison committee can require the commission to "advise and consult" with it "on all atomic-energy matters which the committee"—the committee not the commission—"deems to relate to military applications." These are defined as including "the development, manufacture, use, and storage of bombs, the allocation of fissionable material for military research, and the control of information relating to the manufacture or utilization of atomic weapons." This is broad and holds the seeds of much conflict in the future. We must remember that for some time to come there will be a choice between continued production of bombs and large-scale civilian development; we do not have adequate facilities and materials for both. We must also remember that the "mania for secrecy" exhibited by the military "hampers our own scientific effort very greatly," as Dr. Harold C. Urey testified before the McMahon committee. The commission would be required to keep the military liaison committee "fully informed of all such matters," and if the committee at any time "concludes that any action, proposed action, or failure to act of the commission" is adverse to the responsibilities of the War or Navy Department, it can appeal to the Secretaries of War and Navy, and either of these two officers can appeal to the President. Those who hailed this provision as a victory for civilian control will live to rue their optimism if the bill passes with this unchanged. Alone or in alliance with members of the general advisory committee, the military liaison committee could seriously harass and often control the committee on fundamental questions of policy.

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One of these questions is how much of the information on atomic energy is to be made public. The original McMahon bill carried a section on "dissemination of information" which in the bill as finally revised significantly becomes a section on "control of information." The committee removed the clauses establishing a board of atomic information, weakened the clauses requiring reports from private persons or companies engaged in independent research or development, and added very stringent security regulations. These provide for penalties of up to $20,000 in fines and twenty years in jail for the release of "restricted data" "with intent to injure the United States or with intent to secure an advantage to any foreign nation." "Restricted data" may cover not only atomic weapons but the production of fissionable materials and their use in the production of power, "but shall not include any data which the commission from time to time determines may be published without adversely affecting the common defense and security." These provisions are a menace to scientific freedom and progress, and a major fight should be made to revise them.

In its general provisions on the control of fissionable materials, production facilities, and patents the McMahon bill seems an excellent measure, and Senator McMahon and his associates deserve high praise for them. Praiseworthy also is the bill's provision for reports to Congress whenever "any industrial, commercial, or other non-military use of fissionable material" has become practicable, and forbidding the issuance of licenses for any such manufacture or use until Congress has been given ninety days to consider whether it desires to provide supplemental covering legislation.

We're from Missouri

BY ERNEST KIRSCHTEN

Editorial writer for the St. Louis Star-Times

St. Louis, April 9

WE MISSOURIANS are supposed to be all a-glow over the presence of Harry Truman in the White House. Even though he got in by the back door, he is the first President from Missouri. That is regarded as cause for pride. In addition, we are supposed to feel warm satisfaction with the plums of patronage which the President is distributing with even-handed impartiality between St. Louis and Kansas City.

Actually, the color in most Missourians' faces comes nearer to being a blush than a glow. We are more than a little critical of the President's record. When it was recently proposed to change the name of Fifteenth Street in Kansas City to Truman Road, protests swamped the public hearing. The two outspoken afternoon newspapers in St. Louis have been handling the President with anything but kid gloves—particularly in connection with the Pauley and Vardaman appointments. And don't forget that Mr. Vardaman comes from St. Louis.

Missourians are of the opinion that the record of the Truman Administration is "just adequate." Sixty-nine per cent of those questioned in a state-wide survey conducted by the St. Louis *Star-Times* said that Harry Truman had declined in stature since his inauguration; only 27 per cent said that he had grown. (No opinion was expressed by 4 per cent.) Yet there is more sympathy than hostility behind this criticism. There is a general feeling that Truman was called to a job beyond his talents but is trying to do his best; a clergyman in Gentry County summed up this attitude graphically when he said, "He is like a little dog in high grass."

We Missourians find it difficult to forget that Mr. Truman is a "political accident." We saw him fail as a farmer and a small merchant, and we saw him go into local politics for a livelihood. He had aspired to nothing more than the job of a county administrator when Boss Pendergast of Kansas City picked him to defeat a St. Louis candidate for the Democratic senatorial nomination. We know, too, that Harry Truman owed his reelection to the Senate in large measure to a last-minute decision of the Dickmann-Hannegan Democratic machine in St. Louis. Missouri voters smashed both machines—first Pendergast's and then Hannegan's—and they were hardly enthusiastic when Boss Hannegan became national chairman of the Democratic Party and then went to work to make Harry Truman Vice-President. A shrewd political writer in Jefferson City has estimated that Truman's name on the ticket cost the Democrats at least 10,000 votes in the state in 1944.

However, we have little against Truman personally. We have always found him to be friendly and helpful. We believe him to be honest and well-intentioned, but we are displeased by some of the political company which he has kept—the politicians to whom one St. Louis business man refers as "Harry Truman's hunchmen." Sections of rural Missouri are almost as regularly Democratic as the Solid South, but this "Little Dixie" was shocked by the carryings-on of the Kansas City and St. Louis machines. If Governor Stark and Maurice Milligan, the prosecutor who sent Boss Pendergast to the penitentiary, had not split the anti-Truman vote in the 1940 primary, another man might be President today.

For more than fifty years Missouri Democrats deferred to old Champ Clark and his son, Bennett

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Champ Clark, but as war approached, the younger Clark's strident anti-Roosevelt isolationism brought a revulsion. In 1944, for the first and only time, even the home-town paper up in Pike County came out against a Clark. Mr. Truman, however, lost little time in appointing Bennett Champ Clark to the District of Columbia Court of Appeals—a post for which some Missourians thought he was hardly qualified.

Other Truman appointees from Missouri have aroused similar disapproval. There is a feeling that the President has not in every case selected the best man available in the state. This is attributed to his false sense of loyalty to "courthouse cabals" and his taste for "government by cronies." However, the appointment of Stuart Symington to the Surplus Property Board and later to be Assistant Secretary of War for Air was generally commended. Mr. Symington's fight against the Aluminum Corporation of America has certainly vindicated the President's judgment. Another widely approved appointment was that of General Omar Bradley to the Veterans' Administration. And all who knew Charlie Ross were glad to see him take over as press secretary.

Many Missourians believe that if Mr. Truman had retained more men like Harold Ickes and Judge Rosenman among his close advisers, his record would be better. Their advice might have helped him keep in check a tendency to make snap judgments and to stick to them stubbornly. While a good many Missourians may have agreed with his atomic-bomb policy, they were disturbed by the offhand way he announced it in the course of a fishing holiday at Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee. They felt that the surroundings did not bespeak sufficient deliberation. His visit to the American Legion Convention in Caruthersville—in the cotton-growing Missouri boot-heel—misfired. Folks were glad to have Harry Truman come home to Missouri, but some of them looked askance at the carefree manners of his holiday companions. Such sentiments may stem from a streak of puritanism, which is as prevalent in Missouri as elsewhere in rural America.

Since more than 50 per cent of the 600 persons to whom the St. Louis *Star-Times* sent its questionnaire answered, the results can be accepted as a fairly good cross-section of opinion in the state. Forty-two per cent said that President Truman had conducted foreign affairs well, 41 per cent felt that he had handled them poorly, and 17 per cent were without opinion. As to his domestic policies, 57 per cent expressed a mixed opinion, 28 per cent said they were unsound, 15 per cent said they were sound. With respect to the President's relations with Congress, 48 per cent said he had been wrong in trying first to conciliate Congress and then in going over its head to the people, 44 per cent said he was right, and 8 per cent had no opinion.

Concerning Presidential appointments, 63 per cent believed them to be mediocre, 28 per cent bad, only 8 per cent good; 1 per cent had no opinion. The nomination of Edwin Pauley to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy brought Missourians closest to unanimity, 89 per cent saying that it was unwise; only 7 per cent approved, and 4 per cent had no opinion. The following table shows what Missourians think about the President's policies on some specific issues.

	Right	Wrong	No Opinion
	Percentage		
The atom bomb	60	27	13
The British loan	66	24	10
Labor and wages	33	63	4
Price controls	63	33	4
The army-navy merger	59	22	19
Compulsory military training	48	45	7
Full employment	49	40	11
FEPC	44	40	16
His support of an MVA	46	37	17

Some of these figures deserve a second glance. That Missourians seem to be strongly in favor of the loan to Britain should give pause to the political commentators who have been trying to develop the theme that the Middle West is beginning a post-war swing back to isolationism. The strong support for continued price controls show that hill-and-hollow farmers as well as industrialists and bankers find the threat of inflation more ominous than the lure of fat profits is inviting. The support for the Missouri Valley Authority shows that the Army Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation have by no means stopped the fight for this great project. Most significant of all is the fairly substantial vote in favor of the FEPC—in a state which still segregates Negro school children and will not admit Negroes to its university.

These figures seem to bear out the conclusion of many observers that fairly general support for the President's program is coupled with the feeling that he has been ineffective in pushing it through Congress. A few persons have said that Mr. Truman backed a liberal program for the sake of votes rather than out of deep conviction, and that he would not have given his support to some items had he not felt sure Congress would reject them. Generally, however, the President's good intentions are accepted and applauded. It is rather his lack of executive "know-how" which is deplored. Most Missourians would like to see his program succeed. They hope that they may still be proud of Harry Truman.

At the moment they do not think too highly of his chances for reelection: 29 per cent think they are good, 51 per cent think they are bad, and 20 per cent have no opinion. But they admit that if he weathers his current difficulties and the country settles down to enjoy a boom, his chances will probably improve. Much depends on his opponent. To beat Truman in Missouri the Republicans will have to nominate a better man.

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The World Comes of Age

BY ALBERT GUERARD

Professor of general literature at Stanford University and author, most recently, of "France: a Short History"

REINHOLD NIEBUHR is among those world citizens who deny the existence of the world, among those Children of Light for whom Darkness alone possesses reality. This would be puzzling if we were not familiar with his method. His system of Christian apologetics is founded upon the notion of "paradox," by which he means—paradoxically—contradiction, antinomy. If Niebuhr were ever to agree with himself, he would stand self-condemned.

All this banter, of course, is within the family. I know that Niebuhr's heart is in the right place, and I have a deep respect for his mind. A controversy between us is not a duel or even a fencing bout: it is a symposium, an attempt to focus our thought.

There are two theses in Niebuhr's essay on World Government.* The first is that a community cannot be created by legal or constitutional means. The second is that the world community does not exist. In the vernacular: "First catch your hare; but there is no hare."

On the first point I am in complete agreement with Niebuhr, and with the rest of the world. It is a truism. I have yet to find a man, presumably sane, who believes that a community can be created *ex nihilo* by the magic of a constitutional formula. Even Ely Culbertson, who in my opinion relies far too much on a mechanism fearfully and wonderfully made, is aware that his plan would be futile unless it satisfied the needs and desires of living men. In the many agencies that are working on this great problem there are outstanding authorities on constitutional law. Their contribution is invaluable; they challenge both idealists and pragmatists to give the words they use a definite meaning. But they never mistake verbal niceties for principles, or abstractions for concrete facts. The law can define the conditions of peace, but the law per se cannot create or enforce those conditions. The task before us is not of the same character as that of the atomic scientists. When a mysterious force had been surmised, discovered, released, harnessed, the work was done, and could not be undone by public opinion. But the drafting of a constitution is not the working out of a mathematical equation, not the performing of a chemical experiment. There is no inevitable, no ideal constitution: under ideal circumstances no constitution would be needed. Like any other man-made law, a constitution is the acknowledgment of human infirmity. It is the coordinated effort of the "do-gooders" to forestall and curb the evil-doers.

So I need not be told that the Weimar constitution was both fool-proof and still-born. I know that our own Constitution, based as it is on the eternal verities, is so loose that the Nine Old Men often differ about its meaning. It failed to prevent the only severe crisis in our history, the Civil War. When borrowed by other lands, it creaked, stalled, or broke down.

On the other hand, a constitution which is an amorphous mass may function admirably if it is in harmony with the instincts, the habits, the ideals of a people: the classical example is that elusive "myth" known as the British constitution. The United Nations, during the war, achieved a remarkable degree of coordination. It may be asserted that the normal work of the World State will be child's play, compared with the task that the defenders of freedom had to face between 1939 and 1945. Many organs were created, but there was no overall constitution. The will must find a way, but the will is more important than the way.

Niebuhr's second, and major, point is that such a will does not exist. I beg his pardon: he did not actually say anything so absurd. He did not deny that the men he criticized had, like George Washington himself, the will to world unity. But he believes they are a contemptibly puny group. They may be right; as a Christian, he must be convinced that they are right. But they are so few and so weak that they should, realistically, submit to the vaster, fiercer will of the nationalists, that is, the followers of Hitler.

Even if it were so, I should refuse to bow. But I am not striking an attitude of heroic defiance. It is as an observer, not as a prophet, that I challenge the accuracy of Niebuhr's assertion. He says: "National and imperial communities all have ethnic, linguistic, geographic, historical, and other forces of social unity. The universal community, however, has no common language or common culture—nothing to create the consciousness of *We.*" This is the pure doctrine of Joseph de Maistre, against the Enlightenment, the Revolution, and the Rights of Man. "I have met Russians, Englishmen, Frenchmen: I have never met *Man*"—and De Maistre called himself a Catholic! This thesis was emphatically false 150 years ago. How does it stand today?

I shall not dwell upon the threat of the atomic bomb, "one world or none," because it is demeaning to argue

* The Myth of World Government, in *The Nation* for March 16.

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on the basis of fear. I merely note that Niebuhr advocates "transferring our dangerous knowledge to some kind of world judicatory"—and if he would tell us what he means by judicatory, he would give us the gist of a world constitution. But the atomic bomb was simply the irrefutable confirmation of a fact with which we were familiar: it is impossible today for any nation to be a hermit. We tried isolationism, that is, the thoroughgoing denial of the world community. Realistically speaking, it was not a success. For better for worse, technical progress has made the world physically one, more closely knit than two neighboring valleys in eighteenth-century England. Behind modern technique there is science, and Niebuhr knows that science ignores national boundaries. Germans, Danes, Italians worked on the atomic problem; Frenchmen, Russians, Japanese had prepared the path.

All this belongs to the material world; Niebuhr spurns it, and I cannot blame him. But he condemns also the religious and philosophical world, which ought to be his own, and which posits the unity of man. He moves in the murky mystic atmosphere of German romanticism, in which national culture is the only reality. There is a "German spirit," there is an American spirit, and never the twain shall meet; there is no human spirit.

This seems to me in manifest contradiction with the facts. In the first place, the national spirit has been grossly exaggerated. The crucial instance is that of Franco Spain. There a nationalist ("There is no world community") killed half a million pure-blooded Spaniards with the aid of Italians, Germans, and Moors. The French nationalists, ten years ago, vowed: "Rather Hitler than Blum!" Today, the nationalist Kerillis does his best to defame De Gaulle. And a "German spirit" that would integrate Heinrich and Thomas Mann, Einstein, Goebbels, and Hitler would have to be so broad that it might well be called *Welt-bürgerlich*.

On the other hand, the world unity which Niebuhr denies is plain for all eyes to see. The *Homo sum* of Terence has never lost its validity. A few random examples. We are submitting without protest to food restrictions, because we cannot face the thought of being sated in a starving world. According to Ségur, people wept for joy in the streets of St. Petersburg when the Bastille fell. Father Gratry said, "So long as Poland is martyred, we shall live in a state of mortal sin"; and today the power of Franco weighs us down with shame and remorse. The planet felt the wound when Dreyfus was unjustly condemned, and great meetings were held in Paris to plead for Sacco and Vanzetti. This feeling that the world is morally one is not the privilege of an élite; it is more ardent, more spontaneous, among the masses than among the sophisticates.

I am a student of literature. I know—and Niebuhr knows—that world literature, no less than world art and world science, is more real than any purely local manifestation. I am not thinking of the happy few who enjoy Kafka, Gide, or Unamuno better than "Forever Amber." World literature begins in the cradle, not in the graduate school. Children do not reject Aesop's "Fables," Grimm's "Fairy Tales," "Pinocchio," or "Heidi" because of their foreign origin. Adolescents used to revel in Alexandre Dumas and Jules Verne. "The Hunchback of Notre-Dame" and "Les Misérables" are better known to the average American than the valuable work of Joel Barlow. If there is but a single book in a log cabin, it will be the Bible. Culturally, the world exists more vigorously than its provinces, Germany, America, or France, just as these have more intensity of life than Baden, Nebraska, or Poitou.

It is hard to argue with Niebuhr. If we suggest to him that selfishness is wasteful, that security, law, and order are sound business propositions, he will tell us loftily: "You are thinking on a low materialistic plane; national consciousness (My country, right or wrong! *Deutschland über Alles!*) is an ideal." If we plead that the fundamental unity of mankind is deeper than all tribal superstitions, he will call us naive, wishful, starry-eyed. Our ancestors called such nimbleness of wit "running with the hare, hunting with the hounds."

The world community does exist. There is a humanity common to all men; to defend it is our "common cause." This community is unorganized because our political institutions lag a century or more behind our political consciousness. Fanatical nationalists are but a virulent minority. Fully conscious, determined world citizens, I admit, are a minority also. The masses are confused, not in their feelings, but in their minds. They hate war; they hate oppression and injustice anywhere in the world. Both our pacifists and our isolationists proved that they did not want to fight for empire or prestige. Americans could only be made to fight for a human cause—democracy, freedom. The war for them was never a tussle for wealth and power but a gigantic operation of the world police against the law-breakers. If the war had not been for the defense of the world community, it would have been the ghastliest and silliest of crimes. Ask veterans, laborers, church members, Rotarians: "Do you want world war or world law?" Their answer is unequivocal. But when it comes to translating these deep feelings into definite terms, there rises some clever, plausible, learned man: "Absurd! Utopian! Immature! Unrealistic! Perfectionist! Your common humanity is nonsense. Cherish and harden those differences that cannot be maintained except by the sword." Julien Benda denounced *"la trahison des clercs"*: there are intellectuals, aye, and clerics too, who see the light, and try to shut it out.

Niebuhr would say—did say: "Let the world spirit grow organically, unconsciously, and no constitution will be needed." The world spirit is full grown, but it is unarmed. It is the fossils who have the weapons; living

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souls are told that they need none. This must be reversed. Our aim is to focus the consciousness of mankind through institutions. Let us ask the people: "Do you want the world community, which now lives in chaos, to be *constituted*, that is to say, to live under law? Or do you want each nation to be a judge in its own quarrels, a law unto itself?"

The desire of the common man is clear. It can be gauged by the response to the popular books of Wendell Willkie and Emery Reves. To turn that desire into a *working* world order is not an easy task. It will not happen unconsciously, automatically, organically, according to the lazy, fatalistic philosophy of the nineteenth century. A world order is not merely an aspiration; it is an act of faith, an act of will, and a complex technical problem. Many, including mad Emperor Norton, wished for a bridge over the Golden Gate; but the bridge could not be built until it was planned for, blueprinted, voted upon, financed. All this preparation—this listing of obstacles, this definition of terms, this meeting of solutions—is indispensable, and it is the work many of us are engaged upon. Modestly, without megalomania: no Lawgiver is going to descend from Mount Sinai with new Tables of the Law. But while prophetic voices are urging that the work should be done, scientific minds are exploring how it can be done. Then will come the statesmen, and it will be done. A world constitution will not end human woes, any more than ours has cured all our ills. But it will be the symbol and instrument of unity. It will not be a static Utopia; like our Constitution, it will not be merely a check but a goal to be striven for.

To this difficult task Reinhold Niebuhr, as a Christian, as a teacher, as a humanitarian, was and remains summoned. He may choose to stand, a lost teacher, with the "prophets of the past." It would be a tragic paradox. I know what Niebuhr wants in his heart: why should he be of so little faith?

Mission to India

BY SHIVA RAO

Formerly correspondent in India for the Manchester Guardian; *now on the staff of the* Hindu *of Madras*

New Delhi, April 9

DURING the two weeks the British Cabinet mission has been in New Delhi it has listened to every political group—the Congress, the Moslem League, the ruling princes, the untouchables, the Sikhs, the woman's movement, and the Communists. Sir Stafford Cripps has been the most active of the three Ministers, engaging in informal talks as well as official interviews. The atmosphere of these discussions continues friendly, and most groups, including the Congress, seem confident of their successful conclusion.

Only the Moslem League remains adamant. Mr. Jinnah has summoned a convention of the League representatives in all the eleven provincial legislatures for the purpose of affirming their uncompromising adherence to the principle of Pakistan, with complete separation of the northwestern and northeastern zones from the rest of the Indian Peninsula. A boycott against British goods has been talked of. Bloodshed has been threatened. The convention, however, has shown marked indifference to such fiery utterances. A great many of Jinnah's present followers, as Nehru has repeatedly declared, are men who owe their position and influence to British patronage. The younger Moslems will probably take up Jinnah's slogan "Pakistan or Perish," but not the aging knights and landlords accustomed to lives of luxury.

The Congress leaders, in striking contrast, have adopted an extremely conciliatory line. Nehru, recently returned from Malaya with visions of an Asiatic federation in which India would play a leading part, has gone to the farthest limits possible to allay Moslem apprehensions. He proposes an all-India federal union with a minimum of federal authority and maximum autonomy for the units. Coupled with this is an ingeniously elastic provision that units may, at their discretion, surrender some of their powers to the federal government. The Congress Party will not coerce unwilling units to enter the federation—or to secede from it. The plan includes revision of existing provincial boundaries so as to give the Moslems a dominant position in two more provinces (West Punjab and East Bengal). It commands the assent even of an appreciable section of the Moslems. But it is not Pakistan, and so far Mr. Jinnah has rejected it.

Sir Stafford Cripps

The Congress Party's status has altered in the last two weeks by reason of its assumption of ministerial responsibility in eight provinces; in the ninth (Punjab)

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there is a coalition ministry dependent on Congress support. Thus the demand for a new central government commanding public confidence now comes with authority from nine provincial governments. It is backed by the warning signals of approaching famine. Thirty-three unidentified dead were picked up on Calcutta's streets last week.

No one who has not visited India since the end of the war can appreciate how the masses have awakened in these last six years. When I returned home after less than a year's absence in America and England, I was struck with the change in their attitude. In the pre-war decade I had seen numerous riots—Hindu-Moslem friction and industrial disputes developing into clashes with the police—in which unruly mobs would indulge in arson and assault and disappear on the arrival of troops. But fear of authority has not quelled the serious riots in Calcutta and Bombay in recent weeks. Rifles and revolvers and tommy guns have no terrors for the crowds today; whether they are students or industrial workers, they defy the soldiers to do their worst.

Almost daily the Indian press gives prominence to incidents in Indonesia, Egypt, and the Levant. Believing with Nehru that India must champion the liberty of all the subject races of Asia, Indians seek also to emulate their resistance. It is not only the young student whose enthusiasm is fired by accounts of the Indonesian revolt or of the Anti-Fascist League in Burma. Indian soldiers returning from the various theaters of war follow with intelligent interest events in different parts of the world. They resent fiercely discrimination of any sort between Indians and British, whether officers or "other ranks."

Nearly a million men will have been demobilized by summer. Their prompt reemployment offers a problem. These men have grown accustomed to standards of living in the army which they will be unable to maintain outside. An Indian officer working on demobilization plans explained to me some of his difficulties. After two or three years in North Africa and Italy, he said, men find the normal life of a Punjab village intolerably dull. There are no cafes, no picture houses, and no women to take out. Unless these men are settled in life and given work they will make serious trouble; they respect Mahatma Gandhi but have no use for his non-violence.

Then there are the Communists, smarting under humiliation and defeat. The Congress Party expelled them for "betraying" the movement for national freedom in 1942, and Nehru has challengingly described them as "the tools of British imperialism." The weakness of the Indian Communists as an organized group was exposed by the general elections. Except for a few stray Labor seats picked up, they lost every contest by overwhelming majorities. But they will not easily accept defeat.

Discontent in the industrial centers caused by growing unemployment and wage cuts is flaring up into widespread agitation. The Congress Party's success at the polls is an incitement to the Communists to test its election promises to the industrial workers. Strikes must therefore be expected. Trouble is brewing among the railway, postal and telegraph, and textile workers.

It is in the midst of such conditions—unemployment, unrest in the armed forces, interracial and inter-party bitterness, all darkened by the threat of famine—that the Cabinet mission must function.

All sections of the population—with the single significant exception of Mr. Jinnah—have welcomed Mr. Attlee's bold and generous description of the role a free India can play. Sir Stafford Cripps and Lord Pethick-Lawrence are known to have sympathy with India's aspirations. Mr. Alexander, though new to the Indian problem, brings a fresh and unbiased mind to bear on it. The Congress leaders—the cultured Moslem president Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Mahatma Gandhi, Nehru, and their colleagues—are anxious for a settlement. On both sides, Indian and British, there is apparent a determination to succeed.

Will the Cabinet mission listen to Jinnah and the Moslem League or to the urgings of all the rest of India? So far the mission has refused to disclose its intentions beyond declaring that the framing of India's permanent constitution is closely linked with the immediate problem of setting up a provisional government. Exploratory talks will continue for another week with a short break for Easter; then the negotiations will probably reach the stage of decision.

Judging from the public statements of the Cabinet Ministers, particularly Cripps and Pethick-Lawrence, and from what has been gleaned from their talks with individual political leaders, their position seems to be that India must have independence but whether it is to be inside or outside the British Commonwealth is a matter India must decide for itself. The Indian leaders, the Ministers hold, must assume the primary responsibility for settling the existing deep internal differences, for the reason that independence is not compatible with outside arbitration. The first task of the Cabinet Ministers, they believe, is to clarify and narrow down the issues by talks with representatives of the different groups. If no accord can be reached, the mission must announce its award.

Congress leaders express little impatience with the procedure adopted. They take the line that, independence having been promised, discussion is necessarily limited to the settlement of internal differences. They are confident that the three Ministers recognize the grave danger of allowing Indo-British relations to deteriorate farther by denying India independence. They would accept outside arbitration—by the United Nations preferably—provided the reference of the internal differences is made by a government of an independent India and freedom is not made contingent on the decision.

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Dinner with Herriot

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, March 9

IF IN present-day France there is a man truly representative of the period preceding the war, it is undoubtedly Edouard Herriot. The others who could claim that title are either lost in the whirlpool of the war and Vichy or have become liabilities to their own parties—men like Daladier, whose appearance at the Radical Socialist Congress in Lyon last week made even those who applauded him, simply because they had been applauding him for the past twenty years, feel uncomfortable. With Herriot it is different. Personally he is as popular as before. When he speaks in the Constituent Assembly, even his opponents listen with delight, as one would listen to a well-written historical play in which Gambetta was the hero. But he does not convince any of the members except those faithful dozen and a half deputies who with him survived the disaster of the last elections.

Courtesy *France-Amérique*

I had dinner with Herriot the night before he left for Lyon to preside at the Congress, which he dominated throughout the three days it lasted. As if by agreement, all the Paris cartoonists came out with the same joke, about a Congress attended only by Herriot; their drawings showed Herriot at the rostrum, Herriot in the picture hanging above the speakers' table, Herriot's initials on the loud speakers, Herriot filling every seat in the large hall, smoking his pipe and philosophically accepting the spectacle of a once great party now reduced practically to himself.

We dined at the home of one of those well-to-do families which have been Radical Socialist for generations and which adore Herriot as the last knight of freedom in a world that does not sufficiently appreciate individual rights. In a small gathering of that sort he is unique; he can talk with the same profound knowledge about Spanish literature and Dutch painting, about American and Russian history. That evening he got into a lively discussion with a leading Zionist authority as to whether or not Moses could read.

I made Herriot talk politics by telling him people with whom I had spoken about the elections predicted that the Radical Socialists would be among the gainers. He shrugged his shoulders: "Bah! Perhaps a few seats. Not enough to change the trend of French politics. If we make any gains it will be not so much because people like us better as because some of them are getting tired of so much socialist experimenting." Once started on politics, he would not stop until he was called back to the Assembly, where he remained until three in the morning fighting against the new constitution. He carries his seventy-three years well, and I have the feeling he has not entirely abandoned his dream of one day entering the Elysée as President of France.

Listening to Herriot in intimate surroundings, I realized more clearly than on any occasion since my arrival in France what an absolutely different country has emerged from the liberation. Though always subtle in his remarks, he often gave the impression of already belonging to Madame Tussaud's Wax Works. He does not seem to understand any of the revolutionary changes that have been taking place in the French mind, and tries to explain the acceptance of planning and a controlled economy as "indifference" and "weariness." "What can you expect, *mon pauvre ami*," he said to me, "from Frenchmen who are condemned to drink only water? Let them have their daily bottle of wine again and there will be real political life and genuine, free discussion."

Then he began to denounce the evils of three-party rule, of *tripartisme*, already almost a classic expression in French. "In political language this is a pure marriage of convenience; it is confusion." And nothing is more unwelcome to Herriot's Cartesian mind than a medley of conceptions and ideas. The Lyon congress was a model of clarity when it came to define the *"rassemblement des gauches républicains."* As Herriot had predicted, the congress flatly rejected any contact with the Parti Républicain de la Liberté (the P. R. L.), an extreme right-wing party in spite of its name. But on the other hand, what a curious *rassemblement* whose birth is celebrated by the exclusion from the party of Pierre Cot and Albert Bayet, the only real *gauches* among the Radical Socialists!

I fear I touched one of Herriot's sore spots when I suggested that what was taking place in France today could result in the triumph of socialism by purely democratic methods and that this might be the second great social experiment of the century, the Russian Revolution being the first. He smiled kindly and only said with a certain sadness: "I shall go on fighting for my principles. True, I have not been very successful in my political life. I was beaten on the issue of paying our debt to the United States. Now I have been beaten on the issue of freedom of the press. But I cannot give up."

And then he went to Lyon, where he made the Congress accept a program whose points are, first, the defense of individual liberties and of private property; second, the return to an electoral system that permits the voter to choose and know his candidate; third, the safeguarding of the secular character of the schools and liberty of conscience—this point directed against the M. R. P.; fourth, improvement of workers' conditions; fifth, the independence of the state from domination by big business, while limiting nationalization of the trusts to those whose existence is a threat to the public interest; sixth, a foreign policy which will repudiate nationalism and the formation of antagonistic blocs, at the same time guaranteeing security for France against Germany, and which will promote international solidarity within the United Nations. He wanted to distinguish his party's policy from that of De Gaulle and take a position against the fanatical anti-Russians. It is in the realm of foreign policy that Herriot is most up to date.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Britain's Budgets

THERE is a surface appearance of financial orthodoxy about the British Labor government's first annual budget, introduced by Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Dalton on April 9, which may mislead those who fail to consider fiscal policy in the context of over-all economic planning. By maintaining revenue near its war-time peak in the face of a sharp reduction in expenditure Mr. Dalton has been able to approach, as he put it, "the goal of traditional financial rectitude"—a balanced budget. If non-recurring items are omitted from both sides of the ledger, 91 per cent of expenditures are covered by receipts, as compared with 53 per cent in the last year of the war. Thus the fiscal year beginning April 1, 1947, is likely to end the era of "unplanned deficits;" and thereafter, said Mr. Dalton, "the choice between having a budget surplus and a budget deficit is in our own hands."

This statement, I think, should make it clear that the Labor government does not regard fiscal equilibrium as an end in itself. In the future it may bring in budgets which are unbalanced, balanced, or overbalanced. Whatever the choice, the decisive factor will be the measures required to bring about a balance in Britain's man-power and international-trade budgets, for it is on this that full employment and a rising standard of living depend. At the present time Britain is not concerned about lack of jobs; its problem is rather one of man-power shortage and insufficient production. Internationally, its immediate need is to expand exports, for while the American loan, if and when it is ratified, will help to bridge the gap between external payments and receipts for a few years, Britain's whole future depends on eventual achievement of a balance at a high level in its international accounts.

Not long ago the British government published a man-power budget indicating the distribution of the total labor force which, it was hoped, would be secured by the end of this year. The following table shows in compressed form man-power goals and the actual situation just before the war.

	Mid 1939	End 1946
	millions	
Armed services and munitions	1.8	1.7
Export industries	1.2	1.7
Building and construction	1.3	1.4
Home-market supply	14.2	14.6
Total civil employment	16.7	17.7
Unemployed	1.3	.6
Total labor force	19.8	20.0

It will be noticed that the export industries are assigned half a million more workers than in 1939, but even this increase of 41 per cent may be insufficient to permit the attainment of the export drive's target—a 75 per cent expansion in volume above the pre-war figure. Such an expansion in overseas sales, it has been estimated, must be secured to compensate for loss of income from foreign investments liquidated during the war, to cover service of a swollen foreign debt including the American loan, and to maintain imports at a tolerable level. However, it is not anticipated that this target will be hit before 1948, by which time it may be possible to divert more workers into the export industries.

The allotment of labor to building and construction also looks low in relation to the work to be done. In addition to a huge housing job, Britain must undertake in the next few years the replacement of numerous commercial and public buildings destroyed in the blitz and the provision of hundreds of new schools, hospitals, and clinics required for the fulfilment of social programs. If exports and building are to be given priority, the supply of goods and services for the home market must suffer, and after six years of austerity the home market is very bare indeed.

Since man-power shortage is the crux of the British economic problem, financial policy has been designed to further broad plans for the utilization of labor. Thus the Chancellor resisted demands for general tax reductions, which would add to aggregate purchasing power and increase pressure on the limited supply of consumer goods. On the other hand, while discouraging consumption, he had to bear in mind the importance of providing incentives for greater productivity. The few tax reliefs he announced were undoubtedly decided upon with this end in view. For instance, as from October next, earned income allowances are to be raised from 10 per cent to 12½ per cent, and the income-tax exemption for working wives is to be $440 instead of $320. These measures will relieve half a million workers from liability to tax and, it is hoped, serve to reduce absenteeism, which has been encouraged by a combination of high taxes and scarcity of goods. In particular, the concession to working wives aims at persuading women to remain in or return to the factories. In peace as in war Britain needs their aid in raising productivity.

The elimination of the excess-profits tax after the end of the year is directly related to the same objective. Mr. Dalton made it quite clear that he expected business firms to use their tax savings to finance the improvement of their plants, since an increase in output per worker depends largely on modernizing equipment. Should the additional profits which accrue to business be paid out to stockholders, a higher tax on dividends would probably be imposed.

While the budget was perforce geared to immediate necessities, the longer perspectives were not neglected. A new step toward spreading wealth more equitably was taken by abolishing the inheritance tax on estates under $8,000 and increasing it on those above $50,000. For estates of more than $10,000,000 the rate will now be 75 per cent. Coupled with this change was an offer to accept payment of the inheritance tax in land, which means that many beautiful and historic properties, instead of being subdivided and sold to pay taxes, will become available for a national park system. Amid its preoccupations with urgent bread-and-butter questions the Labor government is not forgetting its wider social commitments.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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Don't Believe Anything You Read!

BY HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

Professor of history at Columbia University and author of "The Story of the Second World War"

"IT'S ALL propaganda." That seems to sum up the attitude of a shockingly large number of Americans, civilian and military, toward the whole mass of evidence proving the guilt of the German people and nation in bringing on the war and in their manner of fighting it. That attitude emerges from the letters written by Americans to friends in Germany, excerpts from which have recently been made public. It emerges from polls taken by the army among its own personnel, and it is reflected in some of the polls taken among civilians here at home.

Yet that Germany planned for war, organized for war, broke treaties and international law to make war are facts which, it would seem, no one who lived through this past decade could question. Now the details of that planning, of the violation of treaties and of law, are being daily spread before us in the Nürnberg trial. The deliberate murder of millions of Jews, Poles, Russians, and others—civilians and military alike—is a fact authenticated by overwhelming evidence. The deliberate creation of atrocity camps is a fact authenticated by the testimony of documents, witnesses, and photographs. The pillaging, looting, burning, the fifth-column activities, the deliberate debauching of morals—but why go on? No one in his right mind, it would seem, could challenge these facts or the conclusions about German guilt based upon them.

They are not indeed challenged, for "challenge" suggests a rational process. But a large—and it is to be feared a growing—number of our people simply ignore them. They regard these facts with apathy, with a blank incredulity; they shrug them off. "It's all propaganda," they say, or, "Don't believe everything you read." Or, "The Germans can't be that bad—no people could be that bad."

What is the explanation of this curious, this psychopathic attitude? Some who maintain it are simply unreconstructed fascists who, like the traitor William Joyce, are still loyal to their perverted ideals. Some are so consumed by hatred of Jews—or of "inferior races"—that they find it easy to forgive the Germans. Others again are inspired by an abnormal hatred of Britain, or of Russia, or of Roosevelt, and persist in looking upon Germany as somehow the victim of a conspiracy. But the number animated by these motives is probably small and may be said to constitute the lunatic fringe of the group. What of the far larger number—ordinary Americans, ordinary G. I.'s—who refuse to believe the stories of German guilt and are ready to wipe the slate clean?

The explanation here lies, I think, in a psychological situation which is very dangerous. The fact is that for almost a quarter-century the American people have been conditioned against believing what they hear or read. They have been made the victims of propaganda against propaganda. And the responsibility for the inculcation of this attitude is a widespread one. It lies not only at the door of those publicists who exposed the "atrocity" stories of the last war or who wrote off World War I propaganda as a tissue of lies. It is shared by newspapers, by advertisers, by the radio and the moving pictures, and by politicians—by the most powerful forces in American life.

DEBUNKING OF WORLD WAR I

It all began with the rehashing of the "war-guilt" question for World War I. During that war Allied propaganda, British and American alike, had undoubtedly been somewhat crude, though not so crude as the German. Our own entrance into the war was justified not so much by the stark necessity of national survival as by high idealistic reasons, with the inevitable result that the decline of idealism left that justification inadequate and unconvincing. The German atrocity stories were overworked, and the subsequent exposure that most of them were fictitious brought a strong reaction. Then historians and pseudo-historians set to work to prove that Germany, far from being the villain, was actually the victim. In so far as they exposed the tangled web of international diplomacy and power politics they performed a useful service; where their exposures led to the wholly erroneous conclusion that Germany was guiltless, they did a great disservice.

In this reexamination of World War I American historians, publicists, and politicians were especially active. In time they constructed a whole new mythology, and this mythology was eagerly embraced by a generation already inclined to cynicism. The war, so the mythology went, was just another in the long series of imperialist conflicts that had for centuries cursed the European peoples. Responsibility for it could be distributed equally among all the warring nations. By 1916 and 1917 it was clear that the Germans were winning, and the Allies resorted to desperate efforts to bring the United States in on their side. In this effort they found support in America. The United States was drawn into the war, finally, not by the U-boat warfare but by a

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combination of British propaganda, American munitions manufacturers, and American bankers—especially the Wall Street ones. In the end the war did no good and much harm. A Punic peace was imposed on Germany, and from this wicked peace all subsequent evils that afflicted world politics followed.

If all this was true—and an astonishing number of Americans believed and still believe that it was—it followed that the official explanation of the war and the peace was just "propaganda." We were lured into the war by a pack of misrepresentations; we were sold a bill of goods. This conclusion, that propaganda had dragged us into one useless war, conditioned our national attitude and policy all through the twenties and the thirties. It explains, in part, our retreat into isolationism, our rejection of the League and the World Court, our enactment of the Johnson bill and of the fateful neutrality legislation of 1935-37, our inability to see the real issues of the Second World War until they were brought home to us by the attack on Pearl Harbor.

The experience of this war has cured most Americans of that psychological infection of the twenties which produced moral and mental astigmatism. But the virus was widespread, and it is obvious that the infection has not been entirely cleared up. The propaganda against propaganda went so far that a goodly number of Americans are still unable or unwilling to accept the evidence of German guilt in this war. They are still conditioned against believing what they read.

NO WONDER WE'RE SKEPTICAL

This debunking of World War I is by no means the only factor which explains the psychopathic skepticism of some Americans. There are other factors of a more permanent and general character that require attention. Among these are the techniques of advertising, the sensationalism of the press, the escapism of movies and the radio, and the irresponsibility of politicians. None of these, to be sure, has deliberately inculcated an attitude of cynicism or skepticism; all of them have created a climate of opinion which is one of cynicism and skepticism.

The most notorious of these instruments is advertising. There are, of course, honest advertisements, advertisements that present facts, that appeal to reason, that are designed to be accepted and believed. But the vast mass of advertising does not even pretend to present facts or appeal to reason. It presents pictures, and appeals to emotions—the emotion of fear, or of emulation, or of snobbery. It argues the merits of a nail polish or a perfume or a dessert or silver not on grounds of fact but on extraneous and irrelevant grounds. No one is really expected to believe these arguments or to take them seriously. No one is expected to believe that a particular nail polish or perfume will lead the girl unfailingly to the altar, that a particular dessert or flat silver will really persuade the boss to give John a raise. The technique of the testimonial is widely used, but again it is not designed to be taken seriously. Few people over twelve really believe that the baseball players, movie stars, and society queens who lend their names to breakfast foods or cosmetics or cigarettes actually use these things. Nor does anyone suppose that, even if they did, that would be an argument in their favor. Because a famous hostess smokes—or says she smokes—Virginia Rounds or Tareytons is no reason why these cigarettes should appeal to anyone else; that "men of distinction" drink a particular brand of whiskey—which may well be doubted—is no reason why others should like it. What must be the consequence on the American mind of so large a part of every newspaper, every magazine, every radio program being given over to statements that no one believes? Is not the inevitable result an attitude of cynicism toward everything that is written and said?

The appeal of the movies and the radio is equally to unreality. We acknowledge, frankly, that the value of most movies and most radio programs is in the escape from reality which they offer to their patrons. We are not expected to take seriously the love stories or the pictures of high society that Hollywood spreads before us, nor are we expected to accept soap operas as a transcription of real life. This is, for the most part, harmless enough. The trouble is that the proportions of romance and reality, of fancy and fact, are so lopsided. It is natural enough that in the effort to distract us from the humdrum realities of ordinary life the movies and the radio should lead us into never-never land. It is not natural that they should so rarely present the realities of ordinary life or that their transcription of that life, when they do attempt to present it, should be so misleading. It is relatively easy for the movie or the radio addict to conclude from the evidence that nothing is ever what it seems.

The responsibility of the press in all this is far graver than that of the movies or the radio, for it is the function of the press to give facts. With a few honorable exceptions the press has not fulfilled this function. The great news-gathering agencies, to be sure, furnish the facts; the newspapers distort them—not only in their editorials but in their news columns as well. Surely it would not be extraordinary if readers of the Hearst papers, for example, should decide not to believe anything that they read, and if their cynicism should extend not only to obvious propaganda but to facts as well. Surely it was not extraordinary that the majority of the readers of the New York *Daily News*, which has the largest circulation of any American newspaper, discounted, so far as we can tell, both its news and its editorials about Roosevelt whenever they voted. Mr. Bevin's recent outburst that the function of the press

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was to entertain, amuse, and mislead was undoubtedly ill-advised and unjust, especially in a country which boasts the London *Times*, the Manchester *Guardian*, and the *Yorkshire Post*. It would probably stand as a fairly accurate characterization of a substantial part of the American press.

Nor are our politicians exempt from the charge that they have helped create in the average American an attitude of incredulity toward information and argument alike. Do Congressmen who read into the *Congressional Record* hundreds of pages of special pleading of Poles, Lithuanians, Zionists, and others expect to be taken seriously? Do the Congressmen who waste their colleagues' and the public's time denouncing organized labor or rehearsing the social statics of Herbert Spencer expect to be taken seriously? Do platform committees that draw up planks solemnly denouncing the opposition for leading the nation straight to ruin, and lyrically promising Utopia, expect to be taken seriously? Do campaign orators who claim a monopoly for their candidates and their parties on the "American way of life" and threaten that grass will grow in the streets of our cities or the Republic will come to an end if the opposition wins expect to be taken seriously?

REASON REPUDIATED

An attitude of incredulity is probably to be preferred to an attitude of credulity. There is little likelihood that a people who are skeptical of anything they hear or read will become victims of the kind of propaganda that the Nazis employed so successfully in Germany. Yet in the end the two attitudes add up to much the same thing. For skepticism of this kind, needless to say, does not imply a critical mind. Those Americans who refuse to believe the stories of German atrocities are not exercising critical acumen. They are, on the contrary, repudiating reason and logic. They are like people so confirmed in their distrust of the weather man that they refuse to come in out of the rain.

The crusade against facts, the assault on intelligence and on reason, is fraught with most serious consequences. Historians who teach that all facts are, after all, subjective will find that students readily enough display a contempt for any facts, as the New York *Times* questionnaire revealed. Psychologists who analyze the dangers of propaganda will find that their failure to distinguish between propaganda and factual information has immunized the public against both. Advertisers who rely on the exploitation of fear or of snobbery, or merely on pictures of pretty girls, will discover that these appeals are equally efficacious for the good and the shoddy products. The movies and the radio may divorce themselves so completely from reality that they will never be able to effect a reconciliation or a remarriage. Newspapers may find themselves powerless to form public opinion. And politicians who evade real issues and agitate phony ones, whose appeals are emotional and whose arguments are sensational, whose warnings are usually irrelevant and whose predictions are almost invariably mistaken, have already been paid that contempt they have so richly earned.

The refusal of some Americans, then, to believe in German war guilt or German atrocities is no isolated phenomenon. It is merely an extreme illustration of an attitude that is widespread. The repudiation of reason, the celebration of illogic, the appeal to emotion have produced their natural results. It is time we remember not only the injunction to "Prove all things" but to "Hold fast that which is good."

In the Wind

WE HAVE A HOT TIP that Iran may hereafter place its trust in a higher authority than the United Nations. *Magazine Weekly* has revealed that Hussein Ala, Iranian ambassador, took time out from the Security Council sessions to enter subscriptions for *Superman* and *Batman*, comic magazines.

GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY: A recent army recruiting advertisement features a banner headline proclaiming "World Travel for You!" Underneath is a drawing of a procession of grinning G. I.'s being borne up a long flight of stone steps by sullen, straining sets of coolies.

FIRST FEDERAL COURT ORDER forbidding the segregation of school children for race, creed, or color has been issued by a United States judge in Los Angeles. His decision —which has been appealed by the Santa Ana, California, Board of Education—declared discrimination against Mexican children to be unconstitutional.

HEADLINE in the Sacramento, California, *Bee:* "Bank of America Will Open in Paradise." (Paradise, it goes without saying, is located in California.)

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA PAPER, one of our readers reports, has pronounced the definitive judgment on the state of the post-war world. It is quoted as advising in an editorial, "There is nothing wrong with the world that a good Chamber of Commerce program could not remedy."

THE *NORTH CHINA MARINE*, a Leatherneck occupation newspaper, ran a feature story on the work of the small-claims commissioner who pays out damage claims brought by Chinese citizens against the Americans. Compensation, says the article, averages: for a wrecked rickshaw, $40; for the death of a mule, $135; for the death of a relative, $55—"provided the victim was not guilty of misconduct."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. One dollar will be paid for each item accepted.*]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

DREISER AND THE LIBERAL MIND

BY LIONEL TRILLING

WE ARE all a little tired of Henry James—or, rather, we are tired of the Henry James we have been creating by all our talk about him, by those intense and bitter conversations in which he existed as a symbol so glowingly but so passively, the martyr-hero of a certain kind of culture. It is now time, surely, to let him go back into privacy, releasing him from the deadly public life of polemic, to read him again in quiet. And yet I cannot help detaining him for a moment longer in the life-in-death of argument by mentioning him in connection with Theodore Dreiser, whose name has again been so much with us since his death and the appearance of his posthumous novel, "The Bulwark" (Doubleday, $2.75).

James and Dreiser: with that juxtaposition we are immediately at the dark and bloody crossroads where culture and politics meet. One does not go there gladly, but I found that I was there perforce, for as I read the new Dreiser novel my thoughts kept recurring to a pronouncement on James which I had come on some months ago. The passage had then struck me as so representative of a certain aspect of American intellect that I had saved it. Robert Gorham Davis is commenting on the belief, held by some, that there is a kind of political value in James's awareness, in his moral perceptiveness. Mr. Davis says, "Unfortunately, it is a little too late for this . . ." and then goes on:

> There has been a tremendous increase in our cultural awareness and achievement in recent decades, and American intellectuals need feel no inferiority before European culture or the ghost of Henry James. But these same decades have taught us that delicacy of perception, knowledge, a refinement of relationships within limited groups can coexist with the grossest evils and dangers and do almost nothing to counter them. The disasters that we have just barely escaped and the disasters that are certain to threaten demand a kind of self-committal, a going forth to battle with Apollyon and Giant Despair that James's experience, emotional and metaphysical, simply cannot help us with. . . .

Mr. Davis, as we know, is not the kind of critic who brushes aside delicacy of perception and knowledge—on the contrary, he is notable in his own work for these very qualities. And as the rest of Mr. Davis's review shows, he has great respect for James and takes no delight in throwing him to the wolves of political fate. He only wants to warn us that the moral and intellectual qualities which he and James have in common are not to be counted on in moments of crisis.

American intellectuals, especially when they are being American or political, are remarkably quick to warn us that perception and knowledge, although somehow valuable—"American intellectuals need feel no inferiority before European culture"—will never get us through gross dangers and difficulties. We are still haunted by a kind of social fear of intellect, the same uneasiness that Tocqueville observed in us more than a century ago.

This uneasiness is the more intense when intellect works as intellect ideally should, when its processes are vivacious or complex and its results are interesting and brilliant. It is then that we like to confront it with gross difficulties and dangers and challenge it to save us from disaster. What I suppose was meant by the idea Mr. Davis is commenting on, the political value of James's qualities, was not that they will set up an umbrella against the atomic bomb or solve political contradictions but that, within the natural limit of the art that contains them, they can suggest the moral and intellectual qualities that might save us and that certainly make salvation worth while. When intellect is awkward and dull, we do not put it to the question of ultimate or immediate practicality—no liberal critic would go out of his way to remark that "unfortunately it is a little too late" for what Dreiser gives us. James's style, characters, subjects, and especially his manner of personal life are looked upon with a hostile eye, no quarter given. But Dreiser's faults, we have always been given to understand, are essentially virtues. Parrington established the formula for the criticism of Dreiser by calling him a "peasant." When Dreiser thinks stupidly, it is because he has the slow stubbornness of a peasant; when he writes badly, it is because he is impatient of the literary gentility of the bourgeoisie. It is as if wit and flexibility of mind, as if perception and knowledge, were to be equated with aristocracy, while dulness and stupidity must naturally suggest a virtuous democracy, as in the old plays.

The liberal judgment of Dreiser and James goes back of politics, goes back to the moral assumptions that make politics. It is the fear of mind, much more than any explicit political meaning that can be drawn from the works of the two men, that accounts for the unequal justice they have received from our progressive critics. If it could be conclusively demonstrated—say, by documents in James's holograph—that James intended his books as pleas for cooperatives, labor unions, better housing, more equitable taxation, and closer relations with Russia, the American critic in his liberal and progressive character would, one feels, still be worried by James because his work shows so many of the electric qualities of mind. And if the opposite were proved of Dreiser, it would be brushed aside—as his anti-Semitism has in fact been brushed aside—because his books have the awkwardness, the chaos, the heaviness which we associate with "reality." In the American metaphysic, reality is always material reality, hard, resistant, unformed, impenetrable. And

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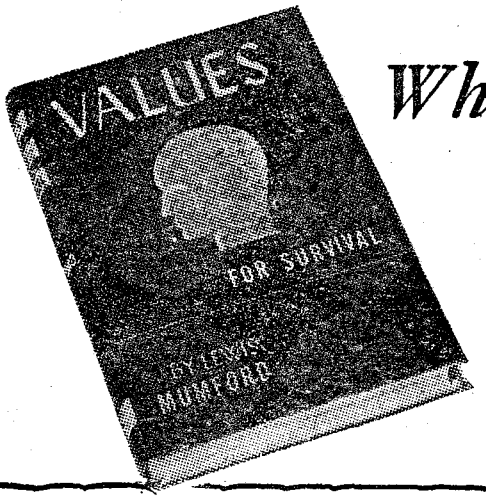

What we must do to survive

LEWIS MUMFORD is acknowledged to be one of America's foremost political philosophers. In these dynamic essays, addresses, and letters Mumford warns his readers what modern man must do to be saved from the disintegrating forces which, at war's end, still threaten to engulf us. *$3.00*

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PERCY E. CORBETT presents a lucid analysis of the assets and liabilities of Great Britain in its triple role as center of the British Empire, a member of the big three, and a chief proponent of world organization. A convincing argument on why Britain will remain a necessary partner for peace. *$2.00*

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By HENRI DE KERILLIS. Based on facts unknown to the general public, here is a striking profile of a French general who, at the time of his country's defeat, chose to become a politician. The documentary evidence here submitted throws much-needed light on recent French politics. *$2.75*

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DR. ALFRED E. COHN emphasizes the urgency of re-examining all of our ideas about education in this penetrating essay on the state of culture in America. *$2.00*

America is in the Heart

By CARLOS BULOSAN. "Bitter and beautiful...The (autobiography) begins delicately and sadly, as a poet's should, with no hint of the dynamite packed within, a little like his memorable book of Philippine peasant life, THE LAUGHTER OF MY FATHER."—*N. Y. Times* *$3.00*

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Why haven't these facts been told before?

WHO OWNS THE NEWSPAPERS? THE RADIO? THE MOVIES?

DICTATORSHIP may come to a nation in any of several ways. A people may be deprived of their rights by violence. Or they may vote them away. Or they may *sit idly by while a few persons monopolize the means of communication.* A handful of men can quietly come to dominate practically all the motion pictures of a nation. A quartet of companies can become the owners of the best radio stations. A score of men can be the proprietors of the majority of Sunday newspapers. This —says Morris Ernst—is exactly what has happened in the United States. His book, which may become one of the most controversial of the season, is filled with facts supporting his contention. He proves beyond doubt the trend toward monopoly in the fields of mass communication.

"AN ILLUMINATING BOOK on an alarming subject," says E. B. White in a featured *New Yorker* review of *The First Freedom.* "It names names, gives bills of particulars, marshals quantities of disturbing figures, and ends with specific recommendations for correcting the illness . . . It seems to me an exceptionally valuable and exciting book."

PAUL BIXLER says in *The Chicago Sun,* "Before you have turned many pages in Ernst's book you ask why his facts haven't been made available before. Some of the conditions he describes are of years' standing. Why didn't someone tell us these things?"

A BOOK FOR FREE AMERICANS WHO WANT TO STAY FREE!

Morris L. Ernst's The FIRST FREEDOM

$3.00 at your bookstore *MACMILLAN*

that work of mind is felt to be trustworthy which most resembles this reality by reproducing the sensations it affords.

Professor Beard in "The Rise of American Civilization" gives an ironic account of James's career and implies that we have the clue to its irrelevance when we know that James was "a whole generation removed from the odors of the shop." Or Granville Hicks in "The Great Tradition" comments on James's stories about artists and makes the point that such artists as James portrays, so concerned about art and their integrity in art, do not really exist. "Who has ever known such artists? Where are the Hugh Verekers, the Mark Ambients, the Neil Paradays, the Overts, Linberts, Dencomes, Delaways?" The question, Mr. Hicks admits, had occurred to James himself, but how had James answered it? "If the life about us for the last thirty years refused warrant for these examples," James said, "then so much the worse for that life. . . . There are decencies that in the name of the general self-respect we must take for granted, there's a rudimentary intellectual honor to which we must, in the interest of civilization, at least pretend." And to this Mr. Hicks, shocked beyond argument, replies, "But this is the purest romanticism, this writing about what ought to be rather than what is!" James was a traitor to the reality of the odors of the shop. He betrayed the reality of *what is* for the projection of *what ought to be.* Dare we ever trust him again?

To Mr. Hicks, Dreiser is "clumsy" and "stupid" and "bewildered" and "crude in his statement of materialistic monism"; and in his personal life—which perhaps is in point because James's personal life is always supposed to be so much in point—not quite emancipated from "his boyhood longing for crass material success," showing "again and again a desire for the ostentatious luxury of the successful business man." The judgment is true, and so far as it is personal it is based on Dreiser's own statements. But Dreiser's faults are the sad, lovable, honorable faults of "reality" itself, or of America itself—huge, inchoate, struggling toward expression, caught between the dream of power and the dream of morality.

Or again: "The liability in what Santayana called the genteel tradition was due to its being the product of mind apart from experience. Dreiser gave us the stuff of our common existence, not as it was hoped to be by any idealizing theorist, but as it actually was in its crudity." The author of this statement is a writer who certainly cannot be accused of any lack of feeling for what James represents; yet how easily Mr. Matthiessen, in his *Times* review of Dreiser's novel, falls into the liberal cliché which establishes as the criterion of Dreiser's value his difference from some "idealizing theorist," his opposition to the genteel tradition. This is the line on which has proceeded the long, wearisome defense of Dreiser's prose style. Everyone is aware that Dreiser's prose is full of roughness and ungainliness, and the critics who admire Dreiser tell us it does not matter. Of course it does not matter. No reader with a right sense of style would suppose it does matter, and he might even find it a virtue. But it has been taken for granted that the ungainliness of Dreiser's style is the only possible objection to be made to it, and that whoever finds any fault at all in it wants, instead, a prettified genteel style. For instance, Edwin Berry Burgum, in a leaflet on Dreiser put out by the Book Find Club, tells us that

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Dreiser was one of those who used—or, as he says, utilized—"the diction of the Middle West, pretty much as it was spoken, rich in colloquialism and frank in the simplicity and directness of the pioneer tradition"—a diction substituted for "the literary English, formal and bookish, of New England provincialism that was closer to the aristocratic spirit of the mother country than to the tang of everyday life in the new West." This is mere fantasy. Quite apart from the fact that Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Emerson were all remarkably colloquial—wrote, that is, in their own speaking tones—and specifically American in quality and quite simple and direct in manner, Dreiser is far from writing in the diction of the Middle West. If we are to talk of bookishness, it is Dreiser who is bookish; he is precisely literary in the bad sense; at hundreds of points his diction is not only genteel but fancy; he is full of flowers of rhetoric and he shines with paste gems.

Charles Jackson, the novelist, telling us, in the same leaflet, that Dreiser's style does not matter, reminds us how much still comes to us when we have lost by translation the stylistic brilliance of Thomas Mann or the Russians or Balzac. He is in part right. And he is right too when he says that a certain kind of conscious, supervised artistry is not appropriate to the novel of large dimensions. Yet it is the fact that the great novelists have usually written great prose, and what comes through even a bad translation is exactly the power of mind that made the well-hung sentence of the original text. In literature style is so little the mere clothing of thought—need it be said at this late date?—that we may say that from the novelist's prose spring his characters, his ideas, and even his story itself.

To the extent that Dreiser's style is defensible, his thought is also defensible. That is, when he thinks like a novelist, he is worth following—when by means of his rough and ungainly but effective style he creates rough, ungainly, but effective characters and events. But when he thinks like, as we say, a philosopher, he is likely to be not only foolish but vulgar. He thinks as the modern crowd thinks when it decides to think: religion is nonsense, "religionists" are fakes, tradition is a fraud, what is man but matter and impulses, mysterious "chemisms"?—"What, cooking, eating, coition, job holding, growing, aging, losing, winning, in so changeful and passing a scene as this, important? Bunk! It is some form of titillating illusion with about as much import to the superior forces that bring it all about as the functions and gyrations of a fly. No more. And maybe less." Thus Dreiser at sixty. And yet there is for him always the vulgarly saving suspicion that maybe there is Something Behind It All. It is much to the point of his vulgarity that Dreiser's anti-Semitism was not merely a social prejudice but an idea, a way of dealing with things.

No one, I suppose, has ever represented Dreiser as a masterly intellect. It is even a commonplace to say that his ideas are inconsistent or inadequate. But once that admission has been made, his ideas are hustled out of sight while his reality and great brooding pity are spoken of. (His pity is to be questioned—pity is to be judged not by amount but by kind.) Why has no one ever said that it was "unfortunately a little too late" for Dreiser's awkward, dim speculation, a little too late for so much self-pity, for so much lust for "beauty" and "sex" and "living" and "life itself"? With

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"Internal sovereignty must be destroyed," says Dr. Karl Loewenstein in POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION, "if we are to have a breathing spell of one or two generations, let alone a stable and peaceful world order." In other words, the right of nations to choose their own form of government, enshrined in Article 3 of the Atlantic Charter, must be repudiated. In the *New York Herald Tribune,* H. B. Parkes says that "the main thesis of this book is unanswerable. No world organization can succeed unless it is realized that the establishment of a dictatorship anywhere is a threat to free men everywhere."

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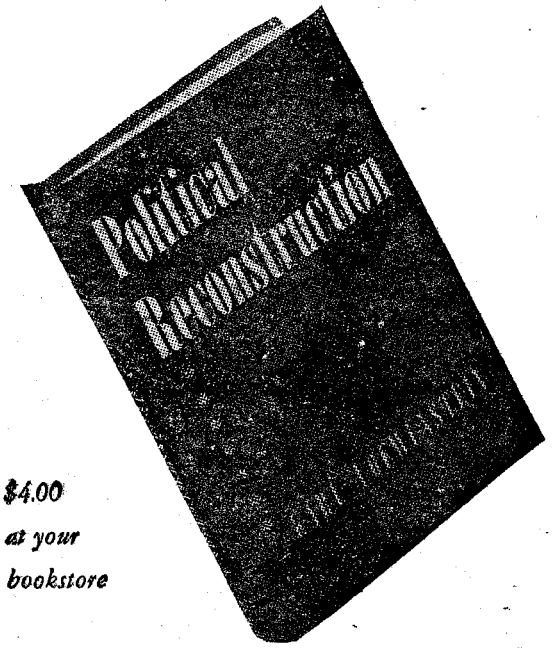

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us it is always a little too late for mind, but never too late for honest stupidity; always a little too late for understanding, never too late for righteous, bewildered wrath; always too late for thought, never too late for naive moralizing. We seem to like to condemn our finest, but not our worst, qualities by pitting them against the exigency of time. It is perhaps not wholly accidental that the article on Literature in that compendium of liberal thought, the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences, should be by Max Lerner, who gave us the phrase "It is later than you think," and that it should tell us that "literature faces . . . continually the need for rebarbarization."

What we will be patient of and find time for when we confront disasters is of course a matter of taste. But like every matter of taste, it is eventually a practical matter as well. It has its consequences and its issue. Their nature is suggested by Dreiser's posthumous novel—a work of some years back but revised and concluded recently—and by the reception given to it.

"The Bulwark" is a work not merely of piety but of pietism. It is a simple, didactic story recommending a simple Christian belief, the virtues of self-abnegation and self-control, of belief in and submission to the purposes of higher powers, those "superior forces that bring it all about," once, in Dreiser's opinion, so indifferent, now somehow benign. This is not the first occasion on which Dreiser has shown a tenderness toward religion. "Jennie Gerhardt" and the figure of the Reverend Duncan McMillan in "An American Tragedy" are in a way forecasts of the avowals of "The Bulwark." Yet they cannot prepare us for the blank pietism of the new novel, not after we have remembered how salient in Dreiser has been his long surly rage against the "religionists" and "moralists," the men who presume to think that life can be given any law and who dare to believe that faith or tradition can shape the savage and beautiful entity that Dreiser liked to call "life itself." For to Dreiser now nothing can be simpler than the control of life. For the safe conduct of the personal life we have only to follow the Inner Light according to the regimen of the Society of Friends, or, presumably, according to some other godly rule.

To find an analogue to "The Bulwark," we must go back to the moralizing novels of the eighteenth or early nineteenth century. Everything in the story is subordinated to the moment when the Quaker Solon Barnes sees that life has an obscure purpose and justification. Barnes's childhood and youth, his marriage of deep love, his business success in Philadelphia, the alienation of his children and the inadequacy and tragedy of their lives after they have rejected the Quaker faith, are all given in merest summary, with none of that often excessive circumstantiality that makes Dreiser's earlier novels so ineradicably memorable. All details of drama and development are rigorously suppressed to hasten the book toward the moment when Solon Barnes experiences faith and affirmation and his daughter turns from her life of free sexual experience to a chaste sadness for life itself.

I must not be taken to mean that the novel is wholly without power. After all, we cannot follow the life of a man up to the moment of his reconciliation and death without a sense of the majestic significance of the happening. But to take the book and its message in any other serious way than as a fact in Dreiser's biography is, I am sure, impossible.

Dreiser's mood of "acceptance" in the last year of his life is not a thing to be submitted to the tests of intellectual validity. It consists of a feeling of cosmic understanding, an overarching sense of reconciliation to the world with its evil as well as its good. Any reader of nineteenth-century literature will be perfectly familiar with it and, very likely, perfectly sympathetic. It is no more to be quarreled with or reasoned with than love itself—indeed, it is a form of love, not so much love of the world as love of oneself in the world. It is often what is meant by peace. Perhaps it is either the cessation of desire or the perfect balance of desires. If it was Dreiser's own emotion in the end of his life, who would not be happy that he achieved it? I am not even sure that our civilization and our political action would not be the better if more of us knew and cultivated such emotions of grave felicity.

Yet, granting the personal validity of the emotion, the book of which it is the issue and the point is a failure. In the light of Dreiser's past ideas, it is even an offensive failure. On the whole, our liberal critics have been willing to accept it. Mr. Matthiessen accepts it and warns us of the attack that will be made upon it by "those who believe that any renewal of Christianity marks a new 'failure of nerve.'" Life does not look to me the way it looks to the contributors to the "Failure of Nerve" symposium in the *Partisan Review*, and I am not inclined to make such a simple diagnosis as Mr. Matthiessen predicts. The failure of the book does not derive from a failure of nerve but from a failure of heart and mind.

I measure the resolution of "The Bulwark" by "Candide," and know that in the light of the Lisbon earthquake or any more recent catastrophe or holocaust no mood of reconciliation or acceptance can be rationalized into a social doctrine. Or I measure it by works more sympathetic to the religious mood—Ivan Karamazov's "giving back his ticket," his admission to the "harmony" of the universe, suggests that "The Bulwark" is not morally adequate; we dare not, as Solon Barnes does, "accept" the suffering of others; and from "The Book of Job" I know that it does not include enough in its exploration of evil and is not stern enough.

When I say that the book is a failure of thought and feeling I naturally do not mean that Dreiser got old and weak in his mind and heart. The weakness was always there. And in a sense it is not Dreiser who failed but a whole movement of ideas in which we have all been involved. Our liberal, progressive culture found the time to tolerate the vulgar materialist denial, the cry of "Bunk"; and now, almost as a natural consequence, it has been given, and is willing to receive and find time for, this pietistic mood of reconciliation in all its thinness.

Dreiser, of course, was stronger than the culture that accepted him. He *meant* his ideas. But we, when it came to his ideas, talked about his great brooding pity and shrugged the ideas off. We are still doing it. Robert Elias, who is writing the biography of Dreiser, tells us (in the Book Find leaflet) that "it is part of the logic of [Dreiser's] life that he should have completed 'The Bulwark' at the same time that he joined the Communists." Just what kind of logic this is we learn from Mr. Elias's further statement: "When

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*from the reviews of Walton Hamilton in the *New Republic;* Walter P. Armstrong in the *American Bar Association Journal;* Morris Ernst; *The New York Herald Tribune*

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he supported left-wing movements and finally, last year, joined the Communist Party, he did so, not because he had examined the details of the party line and found them satisfactory, but because he agreed with a general program that represented a means for establishing his cherished goal, greater equality among men." Dreiser was perhaps following the logic of his own life, but certainly he was also following the logic of the progressive criticism that accepted him so heedlessly and so happily—the progressive criticism that first establishes the ultimate social responsibility of the writer and then goes on to say that he is not really responsible for anything, even his ideas. Ideas are but "details," and for details we have no time. With a "cherished goal" before our eyes dare we stop for piddling distinctions and discriminations? And is this not the moment, spiritually and politically, when it is so very late and men are gasping in their inequalities, to learn to accept without quibble the ultimate wisdom of the "superior forces"?

The Subway from New Britain to the Bronx

Under the orchid, blooming as it bloomed
In the first black air: in the incessant
Lightning of the trains, tiled swarming tubes
Under the stone and Reason of the states;

Under the orchid flowering from the hot
Dreams of the car-cards, from the black desires
Coiled like converters in the bowels of trade
To break to sunlight in one blinding flame
Of Reason, under the shaking creepers of the isles;

Under the orchid, rank memorial,
From the armature about which crystallized
A life—its tanks, its customers, its Christ—
The rain-forest's tepid siftings leach
Its one solution: of lust, torment, punishment,
Of a man, a man.

Here under the orchid
Of florists, Geography, and flesh,
A little water and a little dirt
Are forever urban, temperate: a West
Dead in the staring Orient of earth.

The air-fed orchid, the unquestioning
Trades of the leaf, of longing, of the isles
Sigh for you, sparrow, the same yearning sigh
Their beasts gave once, in summer, to the bars
And peoples of the Bronx, their conquerors.

The Sacred Wood

The lines sway, straining from the canopy
To the wide webs of the harnessed life
That pours free, hesitates, and falls
A wordless airy second to the loud
And rafted levels of the leaf. The gurgoyle—
Cup by pressed cup, gasp by gasp—
Scatters its blood upon the crackling ground
Of the forest's marches. Here a dweller laps
The smoking puddle, watches from its hole
Gray soldiers, the wood's stolid guardians,
Gape up to death; strip shroud-lines and its shroud
From the airy corpse—arms, garments, food,
But for the body find no use at all.
Nor for its knowledge, life, and wishes—scrawled
Drily, in brown blood, upon these leaves.
The corpse has found a cause for everything,
A reason for nothing, in the shadowy wood;
And the black roar of the branches blocks his veins
With its determiners: the voyage to the wood,
The end here, huddled in the lengthening
Black beating shadows of that clock, the wood—
The shadows sipping in the quivering light
The pool's icy splinters, the last print of blood—
Is this the carcass that the hunters bled
And flung here, an animal by animals
Gutted in darkness? But the wood is magical:
The moonlight stirs, a breath above his blood,
And whispers as it whispered, *There is life*—

The stripped corpse sprawls like Adam by the tree
That buries with its blown and bloody leaves
His chosen death.

Meanwhile the jay or squirrel—who serves God
Unwittingly, unwittingly, and is consumed
In that harsh service—chatters mockingly
At him who serves also, as scarecrows serve
Rocked raggedly among the flickering,
Half-caring and half-careless beings of the wood;
Meanwhile the hunted and the hunter gape
A tranced and ignorant instant, and resume
Their whirling flight among the whirling leaves.

RANDALL JARRELL

Preacher Manqué

VALUES FOR SURVIVAL: ESSAYS, ADDRESSES, AND LETTERS ON POLITICS AND EDUCATION. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

BOOK ONE—as Mr. Mumford calls it—of "Values for Survival" is labeled Essays on Politics. What is political writing anyway? Obviously it covers a wide field—from analysis to exhortation and even to revelation. Doubtless all these are inevitable: the most detached critic has some idea about what ought to be done, and the most inspired prophet must throw in a reason now and then. Nevertheless, American political writing at the moment is clearly in the line of Jeremiah rather than of Thucydides. This is very likely a hangover of a national past of relentless sermonizing. Certainly you get the feeling that Mr. Mumford, Herbert Agar, Max Lerner, for example, are preachers *manqués*, and the recent ordainment of Mr. van Paassen comes as a natural and orderly progression.

The fact is not irrelevant to the issues in Mr. Mumford's book. His central point is that liberalism has been corrupted by a failure of will; it has become abstract and passive; lulled by the cult of science, sodden with Pelagianism and emasculated by relativism, it is blind to evil, incapable of perceiving

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danger or of acting against it. The solution lies in conversion, "deep-seated, organic, religious in its essence." "When society is in danger, it is the individual who first must be saved."

Now this analysis bears a superficial resemblance to the analysis of Reinhold Niebuhr, but only a superficial one I should say, for it lacks altogether Niebuhr's concrete and complex sense of history. Mumford's key questions are: why has modern liberalism so often failed to perceive danger? and, when it has perceived, why has it failed to act? The answers to these questions do not lie exclusively or, to my mind, even primarily on the level of philosophy or religion; they lie rather in a set of more tangible factors which have been explored in various aspects by Freud, Marx, Pareto, and others (including Niebuhr) and which have to do with what Sorel used to call the cowardice of the bourgeoisie. Compare Mumford's essay entitled The Corruption of Liberalism with D. W. Brogan's small book "Is Innocence Enough?" and you will see the difference between the same phenomenon as explained by a somewhat hoarse evangelist and by a penetrating and informed historian.

The core of the book, the Program for Survival, displays what one may mildly call the limitations of evangelism. Mumford says, amid rhetoric, that if the thirteenth century would have put Roger Bacon in the jug for inventing the atomic bomb, the twentieth can at least suspend the process of invention. Confronted by the superhuman development of atomic power, "we must perfect an equally superhuman discipline to govern its use; and we must not attempt to exploit the power prematurely, before we have developed such a discipline. What is more: the extent and rigidity of our political and moral controls must be directly proportional to the power and speed of the process of atomic disintegration." This is merely "the first act of prudence, the minimum precaution" in the Mumford program. After all, "curiosity once killed a cat . . . untrammeled curiosity might kill the human race."

If Mumford is serious in this program, he ought to face certain obvious objections of the kind the Federation of Atomic Scientists has brought to the recent attention of General Groves. Or maybe he isn't serious. But, of course, he is —in that innocent and outrageous way which has brought liberalism to its present low state. This kind of master-minding, set forth in that breathless and stuck-whistle prose with which readers of liberal magazines have been familiar for a quarter of a century, is evidently still exhilarating to some audience somewhere. But if liberalism is corrupt, and it probably is, it is not so much because it has lost a sense of evil as because it has lost a sense of actuality. In a sense understood by Dr. Niebuhr these losses are the sides of a coin, because the postulate of evil is no substitute for natural explanations in a serious theology; but Mr. Mumford's rhetoric sacrifices actuality for a theatrical notion of "evil" as a force loose in the world, embodied, not in the complexities of life, but in words, words, words.

I have no formula for salvation, but I strongly suspect that any formula which will save things worth saving will have to make room for reasonable and dispassionate analysis. This means a willingness to understand that the world is complicated and that, since words are all we have to describe it, we must use them with care. The systematic debauching of words has done as much to corrupt liberalism as anything else. When Mumford writes, "The isolationism of a Charles Beard or a Stuart Chase or a Quincy Howe is indeed almost as much a sign of barbarism as the doctrines of a Rosenberg or a Gottfried Feder," I can only wonder what barbarism means—and I write as one who opposed isolationism as early as Mr. Mumford did. When at the start of the book he beats his breast and demands toughness against Nazism, and later on beats his breast and asks forgiveness for dropping the atomic bomb, one must ask whether he thinks there is an essential difference between area bombing and atomic bombing; or does he mean that we should have spared Germany?

Clarity, responsibility, fact—you cannot escape them; and it is a fallacy to believe that they destroy the will to act. If someone rises to say that hysteria is necessary to shock people into realizing the apocalyptic character of the age, one must answer that those excited by Mumford have already lost a great deal of the tough-mindedness they will need against more sinister appeals in the future. Liberalism is discredited today because it is ignorant, sentimental, confused, and shrill —because it does not make sense in an intricate world. You cannot revive it by compounding confusion or by shouting louder than the others; you cannot cover up its inadequacies by dramatically substituting Manes for Pelagius. Mr. Mumford has been on the right side, it seems to me, on important issues—on the war, for example, and on Soviet Russia; he is a man of earnestness and good-will. But his way is the way of the intellectual debauchee.

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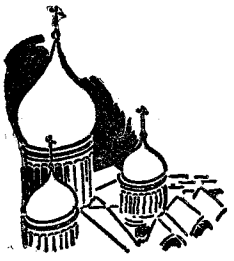

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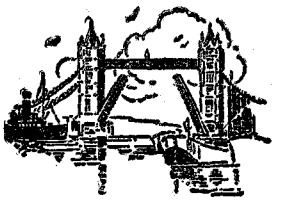

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"Values for Survival" is a kind of lost week-end for liberalism. If, as the prophets point out, it is later than we think, we do not have many more week-ends to lose.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Ends of Education

EDUCATION FOR MODERN MAN. By Sidney Hook. The Dial Press. $2.75.

IT IS not surprising that discussion of education should be so much in the air these days. The universities and colleges, for one thing, had a four-year involuntary pause in which to consider what they had been doing and what they proposed to do. Even before the war the enterprising leaders of St. Johns College and the ubiquitous Mr. Hutchins of the University of Chicago had enunciated a theory of liberal education in terms of a quite explicit theory of the nature of man—in terms largely Aristotle-cum-Aquinas. Mr. Hook approaches education, as might be expected, from a very different point of view, that represented most explicitly by John Dewey but in general to be defined as experimental, democratic, and secular. He feels, and quite properly, that discussions of liberal education have been of late too much in terms of a dogmatic metaphysics and an equal dogmatism as to required and elective curricula. He thinks that education should be reconsidered in terms of the discoverable nature of man, not as defined a priori, but as revealed by scientific inquiry and always with reference to the needs of the society in which we are actually living in the twentieth century. Particularly the social assumptions regarding liberal education need to be reexamined, as do the alleged finalities of the line between vocational and liberal education which many allegedly liberal educators take for granted.

Mr. Hook has written a sensible little book and a much-needed one in which he rescues the discussion of education from the rarefied and somewhat snobbish atmosphere in which it has in certain quarters been carried on and from the unrealistic isolation from society in which the whole enterprise of learning and teaching has been conceived.

Mr. Hook loves a good controversy, and so he cannot resist adding some sharp—and documented—thrusts against the theory and practice of St. Johns College. He sets his own theory over against those of Hutchins and Adler in the text itself. To my mind the book has a richness and fruitfulness that transcend polemics. As Mr. Hook says as early as page 27 of his book, "The task of the experimentalist is by no means exhausted in exposing the errors and illogic of metaphysical dogmatism in education. He must go on to discover what an education adequate for modern man is, and to test the validity of all practical proposals in respect to content and method—no matter what the source. . . ." What is the educational program "whose fruits in experience will be so rich that it may be accepted by all democrats independent of their metaphysical prepossessions"? Mr. Hook's program is not based, he says, on an "antecedent theory" of man but on measurable consequences. The ends of education in a democratic society are such, he reminds us, that men of varying faiths and presumptions can agree on them practically: those ends are the "development of independent critical thought," "sensitiveness of perception," "imaginative sympathy with the cultural, literary, and scientific traditions," "the making available of important bodies of knowledge," "an intelligent loyalty to our democratic ideals." He adds two that are not always found in such lists of requisites for a general education. One is the ability to stand alone. Another is "an equipment of young men and women with the general skills and techniques and the specialized knowledge which . . . will make it possible for them to do some productive work related to their capacities and interests." The last is important to his argument because Mr. Hook thereby communicates effectively his feeling that most recent discussions of liberal education have neglected to consider the actual vocations of men and women in our society. Most recent writing on these matters has been tinctured with a leisure-class notion of an élite, while it has denigrated the vocations and professions to mere routines disconnected from any meaning and significance in personal life.

Mr. Hook, by the same token, offers, instead of high rhetoric about timeless issues, a suggestion that all knowledge and tradition become meaningful to the student as they are focused upon the living issues of his actual world. The business of education is not simply to carry on a patrimony, or to inculcate a single "social truth"; it is to train students to approach with imagination and critical intelligence the problems of the culture in which they have their being and their future. It is natural, therefore, that Mr. Hook should place in the center of his content of education the social studies, "properly integrated around problems and issues." Everyone, whatever else he may be in society, is a citizen and

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needs to make intelligent decisions. But Mr. Hook is no mere sociologist. He is understanding about the study of literature and language, though properly impatient with some of the stuffed-shirt reasons given for studying them. He is insistent on training in art and music, though again he is properly suspicious of courses in "appreciation" rather than in discrimination. He is suspicious of religious education in the conventional sense, for he thinks a sound education will itself be a discipline in natural piety. But more important than content is the training in the method of responsible intelligence. The pervasiveness of scientific method is identical with liberalism, "for both insist on a critical examination of our beliefs."

Since education is primarily designed to promote growth, Mr. Hook resents the separation of vocational from liberal training and thinks the two cannot be separated in a democratic society; all education, as he suggestively says, is an education toward vocation, every vocation broadly conceived is educative. Finally, the reader is recommended to Mr. Hook's excellent chapter on The Good Teacher, where he permits himself a little less dialectic and controversy, a little more enkindling eloquence, than generally marks the book. Himself a notably good teacher, his account of such a rarity is both exciting and true talk. As he describes him, the good teacher is not a preacher or orator or pundit; he is an instigator in his students of inquiry and vision. No wonder Mr. Hook thinks the teacher is a key man in a democratic society and "deserves an honored place in its councils."

IRWIN EDMAN

The Happy Warrior

SIEGFRIED'S JOURNEY, 1916-1920. By Siegfried Sassoon. The Viking Press. $3.

HOW pleasant, one is tempted to reflect on reading these memoirs, how pleasant to be born in the leisure class, with a sense of aristocratic tradition, including the medieval, in the blood and bone; to be a welcome guest, for as long as one liked, at great houses with names and ivy and lawns with ilex trees; to have friends, male, like Robbie Ross, who would sympathetically draw out of you every impulse you had toward creativeness; or friends, female, like Lady Ottoline Morrell, a little over-enthusiastic, perhaps, but given to "innumerable acts of generosity and affection." How pleasant to circulate freely, with just the proper amount of diffidence, among the respected writers and artists of one's time; to have the entrée to drawing-rooms where Bach was played for enjoyment; or to go, if one felt in a simple-minded mood, for a jolly canter with the Acting Master of the Southdown Hunt! How pleasant to know the right people, so that after the recovery from wounds the leave could be extended ever so little; so that the pacifism could be diagnosed as shell shock; so that the objector to war could be lectured, benevolently if sincerely, by no less a Dutch uncle than Winston Churchill himself!

These are advantages not to be sneered at: Mr. Sassoon comes closer to taking them for granted, with due appreciation, than to making light of them. It was during these four years, 1916-1920, that his reputation was made, founded on

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acts of courage. He was brave enough to win the Military Cross for heroism in action; he was also brave enough to write, and have published—the publishers are also entitled to credit—the anti-war poems that have been, are now, and will for some time be, in all the anthologies. Rereading those poems, and others in the same volume, one feels that the denunciations of the war, half a dozen items or so, are Sassoon's best work, and that the anthologies are not unfair in representing him by these, as they are unfair in making Rupert Brooke the poet of "If I should die, think only this of me," and so on. Some of Sassoon's war poems, even, tended to degenerate into formula once the ironic method had been established; there came to be a bit of trick to it; but on the whole he shows here a tenseness, a humor, plenty grim, and a sense of reality that do not impinge elsewhere on his amiable Georgian melodies. Writing about these years, Mr. Sassoon is rather more candid about his innocence than his luck. He has kindly feelings, and kind words, for almost everyone—Bridges (though the Laureate did manage to make himself a little disagreeable), his devoted friend Owen, Masefield, Hardy, T. E. Lawrence, the Sitwells, and many others.

"Dilettante," like "amateur," is a word which has—as Kenneth Burke might say—pejorative semantic connotations. But the roots mean something else—delighting, loving—and what's the matter with that? Not very important, really—for Mr. Sassoon has lacked either the capacity or the will to live up to his advantages—this memoir of his most important years is nevertheless readable, pleasant, engaging, polite, agreeable. I hope it does not sound too pejorative, or sneering, to dismiss its author as a dilettante who has had moments when he was close to being an artist.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Answering Zion

THE ARAB ISLAND. By Freya Stark. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

CURRENT American ideas about the Arab world have been shaped largely by Zionist propaganda, which, regrettably if understandably, has become more and more charged with cultural chauvinism. We have been led to think of all Arabs as primitive, unlettered, diseased, dirty nomads, immune to any civilizing influence. Miss Stark, a distinguished and experienced authority on the Middle East, makes a conscious effort to correct this distorted picture. She reminds us that there is a very ancient urban Arab civilization and that all but a fraction of the Arabic-speaking peoples—there is no Arab race—are city-dwellers or settled farmers. The Bedouin never was the typical Arab, and he and his camels are fast becoming obsolete in an age of automobiles and aircraft.

In the last quarter century, Miss Stark declares, the unchanging East has been changing rapidly. One indication is the rise of a new, westernized middle class—"the young Effendis" to whom she dedicates her book—interested in public health, education, democratic government. This new element, she explains, is the product of the internal-combustion engine, American education as exemplified by the

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missionary colleges, and British government. Within a comparatively short period she expects it to create a group of modern, closely linked states within "the Arab island."

As this summary may suggest, Miss Stark is not without bias herself. Not only is she a staunch defender of recent British policies in the Middle East, but during the war she was a junior executant of those policies. Here she tells the story of her experiences, skilfully weaving the "message" she wishes to deliver into an entertaining narrative written with much of the skill that has made her an outstanding author of travel books. In the remote outpost of Aden she helped to run a radio station; in medieval Yemen she countered Nazi agents with a movie projector which made her a welcome guest in the best harems; in Egypt and Iraq, where she went through the siege of the British embassy during the 1941 revolt, she organized "Brotherhoods of Freedom" to rally popular support to the cause of the Allies in general and the British in particular.

Only a small part of the book is devoted directly to Palestine; but it is this section that has aroused some critics, and that is responsible for an anxiously defensive jacket note by the publishers. Miss Stark staunchly defends the policy of the White Paper. "It must be wrong," she writes, "to make a country accept immigration by *force*. . . . In a notch of country surrounded by totally Arab lands that are growing every year in capacity, self-consciousness, and geographic importance, the choice is between a friendly compromise and eventual expulsion. British or American bayonets might force the issue for a time but not for very long; and it seems to me that the fact to remember about Palestine is that there are *only* two alternatives—agreement and force."

Some Zionists, at least, will not wholly contradict this statement; but, they ask, what has the British Colonial Office done to bring Jew and Arab together? Miss Stark admits that Britain has sought to build up Arab nationalism as a bulwark for British security. That policy might be defensible in terms of *Realpolitik* had not the British in executing it made the fatal error of leaning on the ruling classes, whose chief interest lies in maintaining the social status quo. The big landowners, who suck up so much of the wealth of the Middle East, fear the leavening effect of Jewish efficiency and democracy on the Arab masses, and they have stimulated anti-Zionism as a counter-irritant—a tactic made all the simpler by Jewish exclusivism. British officials, who find Arab grandees much more sympathetic than Jewish "natives" given to talking back, have been content to infuse small doses of social reform and have shrunk from meeting the basic problem of mass poverty. Miss Stark practically ignores this problem; yet until it is tackled there can be no real unity between Arab and Jew, or even between Arab and Arab.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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BRIEFER COMMENT

What the Artist Writes About

ROBERT GOLDWATER AND MARCO TREVES have compiled and edited a most valuable and unique book in "Artists on Art: from the XIV to the XX Century" (Pantheon Books, $4.50). Almost the only fault I have to find with it is its shortness: the endeavor to cover so much ground within 500 pages often reduces the excerpts to mere fragments.

Mr. Goldwater's introduction points out how the nature of what artists have written about their métier has changed according to their social status, the problems of their art, and historical circumstances. While painting and sculpture were still considered crafts, the artist wrote handbooks of technical rules and formulas; when painting and sculpture came to be placed on a par with poetry, he wrote treatises on aesthetics. With the arrival of romanticism, the emphasis was shifted from principles to personality, and the artist expressed himself most pertinently in journals and letters.

After the middle of the nineteenth century, however, there came a certain pause. Of all the impressionists, only Pissarro, in his letters to his son, recorded his opinions on art. Impressionism, as Mr. Goldwater says, was controlled by painterly intentions from which few concepts could be elicited for anything more than shop talk. The immediate successors of the impressionists and some of their remoter followers broke their silence. Whistler, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Redon, Signac, and others had very much to say in writing. Then came the manifestoes of the twentieth century.

It will be noticed, however, that the present-day masters of the School of Paris—from Matisse, Bonnard, and Maillol through Picasso and Braque to Miró—have not written very much about art, not nearly so much as their German, Dutch, and Russian contemporaries. They tend to confine themselves to short statements and interviews, with perhaps a lecture now and then. It may be that these artists, who in their practice have boiled art down to its essential elements as no others have, realize best the impossibility of putting the point of their art into words. And as Mr. Goldwater suggests, the most painterly painters of the past—the Venetians, for example—as a rule wrote least about their art.

But this does not explain why so little in writing has come down from the Dutch masters. In all likelihood social circumstances were responsible. The Dutch painters had the status of tradesmen, if not of artisans, and tradesmen are notoriously reluctant, even when literate, to reveal their secrets.

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Rhetoric for Radicals

ONE CANNOT DOUBT that Saul D. Alinsky is a sincere, earnest man, but these qualities in him are so combined with rhetorical effusiveness and stormy obscurity that "Reveille for Radicals" (Chicago University Press, $2.50) gave me the impression of wandering in a haunted forest on a tempestuous night. Mr. Alinsky is scornful of liberals, who are all cowards, and all for radicals, who are brave and pure men.

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A radical is also a man with a clear, bold, and revolutionary program for the reconstruction of society, I found myself saying. What program does Mr. Alinsky propose? Chapter II completely puzzled me. Labor today has accepted the capitalist outlook, Mr. Alinsky begins, and he attacks William Green, Dubinsky, and Mr. Reuther in a fashion that made me believe he was about to talk about socialism. Then came a quotation from Laski and, after this, nothing except vague references and much about the necessity of going to the people. At this stage I seemed to remember that this sort of obscure hinting at socialism was a feature of another movement that talked much of its radicalism. Mr. Alinsky is perfectly clear on racial issues, however; so I was relieved.

But as I read on, my surely legitimate demand for a program was never satisfied. There is even a chapter entitled Program, which contains nothing but general statements such as "Jobs, higher wages, economic security, housing, and health are some of the important things in life . . . these issues must be met squarely, courageously, and militantly." Mr. Truman and Mr. Dewey would say as much and a little more. The section on conflict tactics is just as vague on long-term meanings. Strikes must be supported. Political pressure must be brought. Credit clubs must be established. And, again, we must be earnest. The by-laws of the People's Organization set up by Mr. Alinsky contain nothing more concrete than this: "To promote the welfare of all residents of the community regardless of race, color, or creed, so that they may all have the opportunity to find health, happiness, and security through the democratic way of life."

What, then, shall we say? Again, Mr. Alinsky is a sincere democrat. His love for people, indeed, overflows in the most adjectival manner. But I will say frankly, I fear that in the absence of a hard program his organization would be easily captured by demagogues, and worse. Doubtless he means to regenerate democracy, but the result might be something very different. To be candid, in some parts of the world fascism has made use of exactly this sort of "radical" talk.

RALPH BATES

A Brazilian Tragedy

GRACILIANO RAMOS is notable among contemporary Brazilian writers for a severity of style, an accuracy of social and moral observation, and an intensity of tragic sensibility which derive as much from a scrupulous fidelity to native experience as from the stylists—Proust, Joyce, and, more relevantly, Céline—whom his American publisher mentions as his models. These qualities, already evident in his books "Sao Bernardo," "Angústia," and "Vidas Secas," were reaffirmed last year in the first part of his personal memoirs, "Infância," one of the best intimate records yet achieved by a modern Brazilian writer. His talent, with its combination of irony and pathos, anguish and lyricism, may perhaps be compared with that of the poet Carlos Drummond de Andrade. There is no lack of social purpose or physical realism among the better of Ramos's fiction-writing contemporaries—Jorge Amado, Aníbal Machado, Raquel de Queiroz, Marques Rebello, Monteiro Lobato, or the Steinbeckian José Lins do Rego, chronicler of the sugar workers of the northeastern states—but Ramos exceeds these in tragic sympathy, con-

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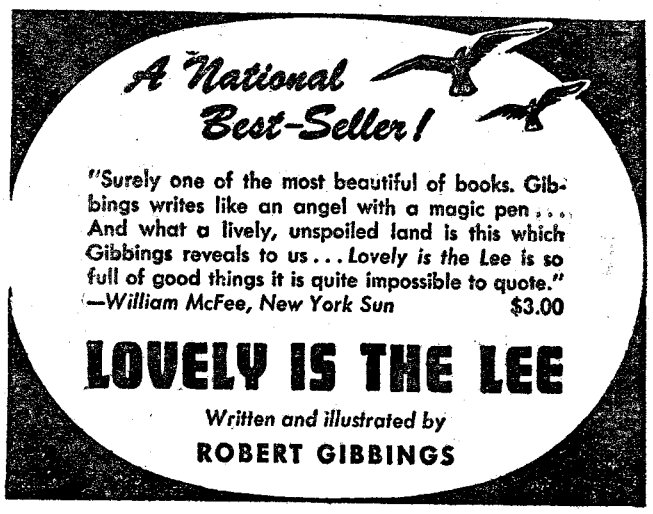
trolled violence, and an independent method of achieving his effects. "Angústia," now translated as "Anguish" by L. C. Kaplan (Knopf, $2.50), thus introduces one of the most considerable figures in Latin American and Brazilian fiction to American readers.

Whether its harsh record of the moral frustration and psychic disintegration of Luis da Silva, a struggling nobody caught in a small government clerkship and a corrupt journalistic world, finally to end in crime, break-up, and insanity as a result of the personal odds and social depravity set against him, will appeal to American readers is a question, but it should be noted that Ramos controls and usually masters the methods—subjective tenuity, irresponsible surrealist fantasies, mass accumulation of physical detail—which beset and vitiate the efforts of his more facile contemporaries. A deterrent to interest necessarily appears in this translation. Ramos is the kind of writer whose sincerity and authenticity exist in his original language, where alone the quality, intimacy, and exacerbation of so much subjective ordeal and reflection can be conveyed. Mr. Kaplan has been faithful and scrupulous (though he makes some errors: he confuses, for example, old and current money values when he defines the *reis* and the *milreis* in his glossary); and he is skilful in breaking sentences and constructions to suggest a corresponding English subjective style and to sustain the difficult and prolonged first-personal narrative with credibility. Where a story—as so often among Latin American novelists—slights plot and drama in favor of psychic or phantasmal states, the integrity of its material depends more than ordinarily on fidelity of tone and detail, atmospheric authority, color of speech and circumstance. Yet here "raw violence" and brutal conflict end in something more than the strained or evasive allegory of Amado, and give an ominous effect of human dereliction and obscure defeat. Of South American novels brought to American notice during the past five years, this is easily one of the most distinguished. It introduces a writer of stamina and profundity. It may send the reader and the publisher to others of Ramos's books, notably "Vidas Secas" and "Infância," and so to an acquaintance with one of the best efforts and results in Brazil's current literary ambitions.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

FICTION IN REVIEW

THE English magazine *Horizon* was established in December, 1939. Therefore although some of the stories reprinted by Cyril Connolly, the magazine's editor, in the volume "*Horizon* Stories" (Vanguard, $2.50) may have been written before the war actually began, the volume as a whole is properly to be regarded as a product of the English war years. From this point of view its almost total avoidance of the war is startling. There are twenty stories in Mr. Connolly's collection, but only one—J. Maclaren-Ross's I Had to Go Sick, a superficially humorous, hiddenly bitter account of a soldier's entanglement in medical red tape—deals with life in the armed services. And only one other—Elizabeth Bowen's In the Square, a sketch of the reunion of two friends in the war-unsettled home of one of them—deals with civilian life in war time. Rollo Woolley's The Pupil does take off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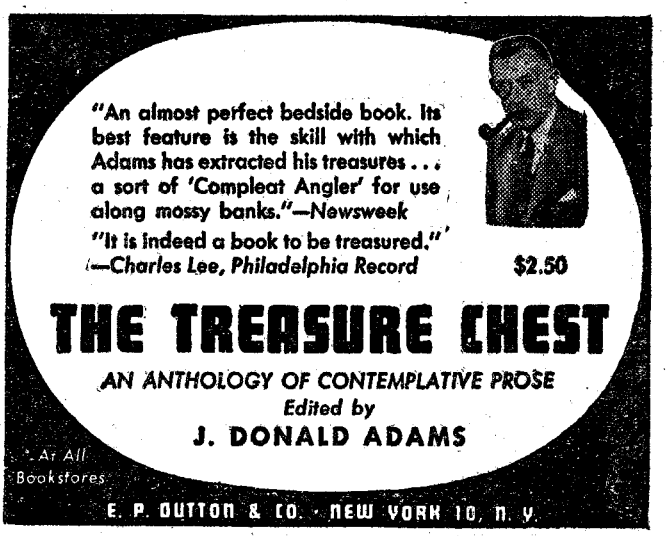
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from an airfield, and Fred Urquhart's Man About the House does mention in passing that its unpleasant central character will soon have to register for the draft. But that is all. For the rest, it is as if the war had never been.

The story of Elizabeth Bowen's that Mr. Connolly reprints also appears in Miss Bowen's volume of stories she wrote during the war, "Ivy Gripped the Steps" (Knopf, $2.50). In a very interesting preface Miss Bowen comments on her use, in the place of immediate war themes, of what she calls the "hallucinatory" materials of war-time life. "The hallucinations in the stories are not a peril," Miss Bowen writes. "Nor are the stories studies of mental peril. The hallucinations are an unconscious, instinctive, saving resort on the part of the characters. Life, mechanized by the controls of war time, and emotionally torn and impoverished by changes, had to complete itself in some other way. It is a fact that in Britain . . . people had strange, deep, intense dreams." This thread of dream runs through all Miss Bowen's stories, no doubt accounting for their fragmentariness, but binding them together and making them unmistakably relevant to the background of disruption against which they were conceived. However remote from the war reality the manifest content of much of Miss Bowen's volume may be, it deeply, intuitively connects with the general experience of its time. Something so subtle as her too acute alertness to sound—and there is scarcely a story in which the striking of a clock, the ringing of a telephone, or the shutting of a door doesn't announce itself with an exaggeration of meaningfulness—at once communicates the sensory over-alertness that characterizes a state of fear.

But there is no such import in the remoteness from war-time reality of the *Horizon* stories. It seems to me that the war is not present in them even as something to be turned away from by fantasy. The volume opens with a piece called When I Was Thirteen, another slice of the autobiography of the talented, disingenuous Denton Welch, and closes with the nice orderly ironies of Philip Toynbee's Interment of a Literary Man. In between we have been given a fashionably nasty bit of amoralism, I live on My Wits, by Alfred Perlés; an unfashionably moralistic tale of a fallen woman, The Wages of Love, by Rhys Davies; a story of sadistic childhood, The Scissors, translated from the Spanish of Arturo Barea; a neo-Nicolsonian divertissement called The Third Secretary's Story, by Tom Hopkinson; an unreadable evocation of the past, "Ivanhoe," by Logan Pearsall Smith; Happy All Alone, by Roland Lushington, which is an inspiration from "The Magic Mountain" tailored to the dimensions of a *Collier's* short-short; The Suitcase Hunt, by John Bryan, which could expand into one of those volumes of eccentric family reminiscence now so much in vogue; a chic anecdote, Crossing the Atlantic, by Diana Gardner, about a man whose solo sail across the ocean is crashed by a newspaper girl (I had almost said "gal"). Even the single symbolic story in the volume, The Long Sheet, by William Sansom, exudes an air of prefabrication. Even the stories which deal with the uneasiness of faith—The Saint, by V. S. Pritchett; Prothalamion, by Edward Sheehy—are much too easy for our contemporary problems of faith. And even the expectable studies in psychopathology—the itself quite mad Room Wanted, by G. F. Green, or Antonia White's well-worked The Moment of

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Truth, or Anna Kavan's touching I Am Lazarus—present a mental derangement beyond the range of fox holes or air raids.

I suppose the volume's low level of literary significance—as opposed to its high level of literacy and craft—is not unrelated to its refusal of contemporary awareness. Miss Bowen's volume, too, may be a literary disappointment; only two of her stories, Sunday Afternoon and the title story, bring off the flourish an admirer has come to look for in her work; but at least when we put down "Ivy Gripped the Steps," we know what it is in the author's troubled mood which has stirred us, whereas our chief, final, response to Mr. Connolly's collection is confusion as to what his writers thought or felt they were doing. "The leading literary magazine in Great Britain [*Horizon*] has survived the London blitz and philistinism in literature with equal gallantry," say the publishers of "*Horizon* Stories"; and one wonders just what philistinism means in such a context. For, curiously enough, if by philistinism we mean either an antagonism to change or progress or a smug antagonism to the revelation of art, I think this is the word that perhaps most closely describes the pervasive tone of the volume itself.

After all, there is a philistinism of the educated spirit, quite as there is of the mass, uneducated spirit. And none the less to be remarked for what it is because it may operate in the name of the effort to preserve traditional values in a time when traditional values are being threatened. And none the less to be battled against because it may itself be doing battle—so, too, does conservatism often do gallant battle. The discrimination between philistinism and the sound effort to preserve traditional values rests, of course, on the nature of the traditional values that are being preserved, and so far as I can see there is very little to choose between the values of "*Horizon* Stories" and the values against which it must be presumed to stand. Suppose that by avoiding the war these stories do avoid the note of chauvinism that might possibly result from a sympathetic identification with the general temper of the time? What have they introduced in its stead? Surely nothing that aerates chauvinism, that is a corrective to the excesses of national pride. Only a kind of nullity of both intellect and emotion, a blind retreat of the mind and spirit rather than a "saving resort."

There is a sentence in one of Miss Bowen's "non-war" stories about a man in uniform. "His uniform fitted and suited him just a degree too well, and gave him the air of being on excellent terms with war." This is the method by which Miss Bowen feels and expresses the "high-voltage current of the general" as it passes through the particular—so excellent a method that we do not miss her failure to carry her character into any kind of war activity or to specify another war fact about him. One could wish the writers of the *Horizon* stories had permitted themselves at least a similar part in their contemporary situation. For certainly their hearts speak no more poetically, their minds are no more fruitful, for their having so entirely refused the disruptions of war. Quite the contrary.

DIANA TRILLING

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

TO BE outmoded but to have written well is, as Max Beerbohm once remarked, to be a classic; and Bernard Shaw is one of the few living men who meet that definition. Unlike most great writers, he has survived long enough to achieve within his own lifetime the three inevitable stages: the stage of the bright young man, the stage of the prophet who can say no wrong, and, finally, the stage of being honorably or classically outmoded. Most of the things that were said about him during the first two stages seem now rather silly. To dismiss him as a pyrotechnic trifler is hardly more absurd than to think, as his disciples once did, that he had set down at last any whole and ultimate truth about man or modern society. But what he had it in him to say he said effectively. He wrote well, and he is a classic.

Neither "Pygmalion," which was revived some weeks ago, nor "Candida," now sharing the week with Miss Cornell's "Antigone" at the Cort Theater, is among his best plays. "Candida" was written early, just after the failure of the first "unpleasant" pieces, and was a deliberate attempt to win a public. It is one of his most factitious comedies; in a sense it is probably not really very sincere. But this fact makes even more impressive the test which it passes. Judge it by comparison with some of his other work or judge it by comparison with the best work of his peers belonging to a remoter past, and one may find it lacking in one respect and another. But judge it on Broadway, compare it with those plays now fashionable rather than outmoded, and one immediately becomes aware, not of the things it isn't, but of the things it is. Even quantitatively there is so much more to it. It is, relatively, so substantial, so rich. The mind of the author is working vigorously, continuously. He is giving you more for your time and for your money. By any reasonable OPA price regulation the ceiling on such a play should be at least four or five times as high as that for the ordinary commodity, since it surely cost four times as much brains to produce.

The performance which Miss Cornell and her company is offering is good and satisfactory without being especially brilliant; it is certainly the play, not the performance, which carries the evening. Cedric Hardwicke makes a very amusing if rather broad caricature of the heroine's father; Marlon Brando makes the poet Marchbanks as believable and as tolerable as he can well be made; and the always delightful Mildred Natwick gets all there is to be got out of the nearly fool-proof role of Miss Prossy. As for Miss Cornell herself, she, it must be remembered, plays one of those characters who is talked about by the others a good deal more than she actually appears on the stage; but she plays her one big crucial scene at the end warmly and humanly, despite the rather staggering task of preventing Candida from becoming an insufferable prig.

It is, I hope, not necessary at this late date to point out the fact that the author's own sympathies are principally on the side of the clergyman husband, and that it is not the claims of romantic passion which are being defended. I was, however, glad to note that this production seemed to make clearer than other productions did one crucial fact: namely, that the "problem" is never seriously a problem to Candida herself or to the audience. Only the husband and the poet ever imagine that they are really rivals. Candida never takes the latter seriously enough as either a person or a point of view to feel for a moment that she is in the presence of a dilemma, and the audience ought to be constantly aware of this fact if the whole is to remain, as it should, a comedy, not a preposterous problem play.

A comedy, I am sure, is what Shaw wanted it to be; and it is also the only thing he could successfully have made it, since he is, of course, incapable of making any passion which rests upon a sensuous foundation real even when he wants it to be. Even as a comedy, "Candida" would be strengthened if Marchbanks, the poet, were a little more convincing. Shaw tries to give him his moments of eloquence, but they always ring false; for here as elsewhere when he hopes that he has achieved some believable expression of physical love, his images are like those of the famous blind poet who described nature—they convince one that he has heard what others say but not that he has ever seen or felt the thing for himself. To say this or anything else about his limitations is, however, to produce much the same effect as is produced by his own criticism of Shakespeare. What he says is often true; but it is concerned only with what Shakespeare isn't, not with what he is—and what he is keeps him a classic.

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

FRANZ RUPP, in the performance of Beethoven's First Piano Concerto that I mentioned recently, astonished me alternately with playing that was even more beautiful than any I had heard him do, and with playing flawed by excesses that I could not recall having heard before. In the first, a relaxed attitude showed itself in the relaxed positions and movements of his hands, in the beautiful sound which these produced, and in the fluidity of the phrasing; and an unforgettable example of all this was the ornamented restatement of the opening theme in the middle of the slow movement, in which there were the clarity of rhythmic articulation producing the clarity of subtly inflected contour that one hears in Toscanini's phrasing, and the precise chiseling of the fine gradations of beautiful sound that one hears in Horowitz's playing. But at other times there was the kind of playing that provided a shock at the piano's very first entrance, where I expected a simple, quiet delivery of the simple, quiet statement that Beethoven marked *p* in the score, and I heard instead a tense distention of sound that was loud, hard, and as percussive as the straining fingers looked. This may have been related to the exaggeration of the Beethoven vigor that manifested itself, for example, in the excessive bouncing buoyancy of the finale.

Reading a review of the performance afterwards, I recalled the article on music criticism about a year ago in which Virgil Thomson, after describing criticism of a musical occasion as "expert testimony" on "the nature of the execution and of the works executed," distinguished in it the areas of agreement and disagreement. "Qualified musicians do not disagree much about who sang off pitch or played false notes. And their purely musical analyses of works complement one another more often than they contradict." But "radical disagreement comes into published criticism . . . exactly where it comes into private conversation": with "tastes and predilections," mere likes and dislikes—"all . . . personal, private, and in my ethics punctiliously privileged," even when they produce "the purest fantasy," which is "where criticism takes its place in belles lettres with all the rest of imaginative literature." For, he

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concluded, "in a democracy, once the facts of anything are ascertained and their classification agreed upon, any opinion about them is legitimate that can be expressed in clear language."

It was one of Thomson's pat schematizations of elements and operations as he wanted them to be; and as I read it I thought of the elements and operations of music criticism as they really are. Actually, much of the disagreement in criticism occurs precisely where Thomson says it does not occur, and where he would be right in saying it should not occur. Qualified musicians should not disagree on the nature of a work or of its execution—on the kind of facts about it that should be, as he contends they are, exactly ascertainable by expert judgment; but they do disagree on these facts. They may not disagree about who sang off pitch or played false notes; but Thomson and I have disagreed on the simple facts of a Toscanini performance of the Missa Solemnis—on whether, as he contended, "there was no continuity in dynamic gamut" but only a constant "unsubtle contrasting of force with weakness," or whether, as I contended (and as a recording of the performance confirmed), there was all the "continuity in dynamic gamut" that Beethoven asked for. And Jerome D. Bohm and I disagree on the simple facts of Rupp's performance in the Beethoven concerto—on whether, as Bohm wrote in the review that recalled Thompson's article to my mind, Rupp played "with almost unrelieved percussiveness," or whether, as I have written, his occasional percussive playing alternated with the beautiful playing I have described.

Actually, then, the privileged personal factors do not keep themselves scrupulously out of the process of expert determination of the facts of a piece of music or its performance; actually they inject themselves into that process and cause it to produce the pure fantasy of the lack of continuity in dynamic gamut in Toscanini's performance of the Missa Solemnis, or of the unrelieved percussiveness of Rupp's playing in the concerto. And the question arises whether in this actual situation Thomson would insist that the punctiliously privileged personal and private whatever-you-want-to-call-it that causes a qualified musician to hear only unrelieved percussiveness in Rupp's playing must continue to be punctiliously privileged; and that in a democracy even the fantasy that the playing was unrelievedly percussive must be considered legitimate—not just in the critic's private conversation but in his published belles-lettres. I imagine Thomson would; and I would have to agree—despite misgivings concerned with the effect of the published fantasy on the public in New York and the concert committees elsewhere who depend on newspaper reviews in deciding whether to hear and to engage a pianist. These misgivings Thomson does not share, as he stated explicitly in a more recent article that I will come to later.

Rupp—to complete my report of the concert—played with part of the New York Philharmonic under the direction of a young conductor named Siegfried Landau. It was evident from the first measures of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, which opened the concert, that there was the all-important connection between Landau's mind and the orchestra's playing in a progression that had admirable rhythmic continuity and organic coherence. What was also evident in the lack of precision and balance and the occasional excessive volume was insufficient rehearsal and opportunity to adjust the performances to the small hall. The excessive volume occurred in the concerto, where it may have been one reason for Rupp's excesses; and it engulfed much of the singing of Ruth Wolpert, soprano, who—when at last she overcame whatever it was that inhibited her at first, and produced enough volume to be heard—turned out to have a very beautiful middle and lower range, but an upper range with a timbre that was not agreeable to the ear.

CONTRIBUTORS

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MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL has recently returned from two years in Brazil, where he inaugurated the Chair of North American Literature at the National University of Brazil.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Clarence Streit Protests

Dear Sirs: Two things in *The Nation* of March 16 need rectification. One is your editorial headed Churchill's Union Now. The other is Reinhold Niebuhr's outrageous statement that "a great deal of enthusiasm for world government is explicitly anti-Russian—for instance, that of ex-Justice Owen J. Roberts and Clarence Streit."

Your editorial says that "Churchill's whole thesis for a fraternal association of the English-speaking powers was a bold call for a military alliance." One need only begin to read "Union Now" to see that it aims at the opposite of an alliance, and that the union it champions is not confined to the English-speaking peoples.

The book states: "An alliance is simply a looser, more primitive form of league, one that operates secretly through diplomatic tunnels rather than openly through regular assemblies. It is based on the same unit as a league—the state—and on the same principle, that the maintenance of the freedom of the state is the be-all and the end-all of political and economic policy. . . . It has all the faults of a league with most of them intensified and with some more of its own added."

On March 13 the Washington *Post* published a long letter from me opposing the Churchill proposal. I quote from it: "An alliance requires us to give the British government a blank check on its foreign and colonial policy; a union involves no blank checks. . . . An alliance—and obviously an agreement to share bases and standardize weapons—is limited to military and diplomatic affairs; it is therefore bound to be against another power and lead to counter-alliances. A union is not thus limited; it is made not merely to lessen the burden of defense but to free and develop trade and communications among its members and to advance the liberty of its citizens generally."

Experience has made me expect to find misrepresentation of "Union Now" in fascist and Communist organs, but I never expected to find it in *The Nation*.

I turn to Dr. Niebuhr's false statement that a great deal of my enthusiasm for world government is explicitly anti-Russian. None of it is. He too, evidently, has not read even Chapter I of "Union Now." I quote from pages 105-12 of the abridged edition, which was published in 1940 at the height of the anti-Soviet wave caused by Russia's war on Finland:

It is no use blaming today's chaos or tomorrow's catastrophe on Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, the Japanese militarists. It is still less use to blame the Japanese, German, Italian, and Russian peoples. It has never been in their combined power to establish law and order and peace in the world. They are not the source of the danger our whole species now faces.

When the really powerful members of a community refuse to organize effective government in it, when each insists on remaining a law unto himself to the degree the democracies, and especially the United States, have done since the war, then anarchy is bound to result, and the first to feel the effects of the chaos are bound to be the weaker members of the community. . . .

The first of the great powers driven to desperate and violent measures have been those with the smallest margin. There is no doubt that their methods have since made matters worse and that there is no hope in following their lead. Their autocratic governments are adding to the world's ills but they are not the real cause of them. . . .

The rising power of autocracy increases the need for Union just as the spread of a contagious disease increases the need for quarantine and for organizing the healthy. But it is essential to remember that though the victims carry the disease they did not cause it, and that quarantine of the victims and organizations of the healthy are aimed not against the victims but against the epidemic, the purpose being to end it by restricting its spread and by curing its victims.

It is wrong, all wrong, to conceive of Union as aimed against the nations under autocracy. There is a world of difference between the motives behind Union and those behind either the present policy of each democracy of arming for itself or the proposals for alliance among the democracies. For such armaments and such alliance are meant to maintain the one thing Union does attack in the one place Union does attack it—the autocratic principle of absolute national sovereignty in the democracies. . . .

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Union calls on each democracy to remove itself the absolutism governing its relations with the other democracies, and to leave it to the people of each dictatorship to decide for themselves whether they will maintain or overthrow the absolutism governing them not only externally but internally.

I have never varied from this view, nor been anti-Russian.

I regret that space keeps me from commenting on the rest of Dr. Niebuhr's article. I have long shared—for somewhat different reasons—his opposition to the attempt to secure immediately a universal world government. But I am no less opposed to his own position at the other extreme. I see hope for peace in neither, but only in the policy in between them that Union Now represents.

CLARENCE K. STREIT

Washington, D. C., March 18

Reinhold Niebuhr Insists

Dear Sirs: Mr. Streit's attitude toward Russia is perhaps best revealed in one of the closing words of his editorial entitled World Government and Russia, which appeared in the November 15, 1945, issue of *Federal Union World*. "The nuclear policy," he writes, "relies for friendly relations with Soviet Russia on the friendly helpfulness of the Union's policy toward it, and on the high respect the Kremlin realistic diplomacy has always shown for vastly superior power."

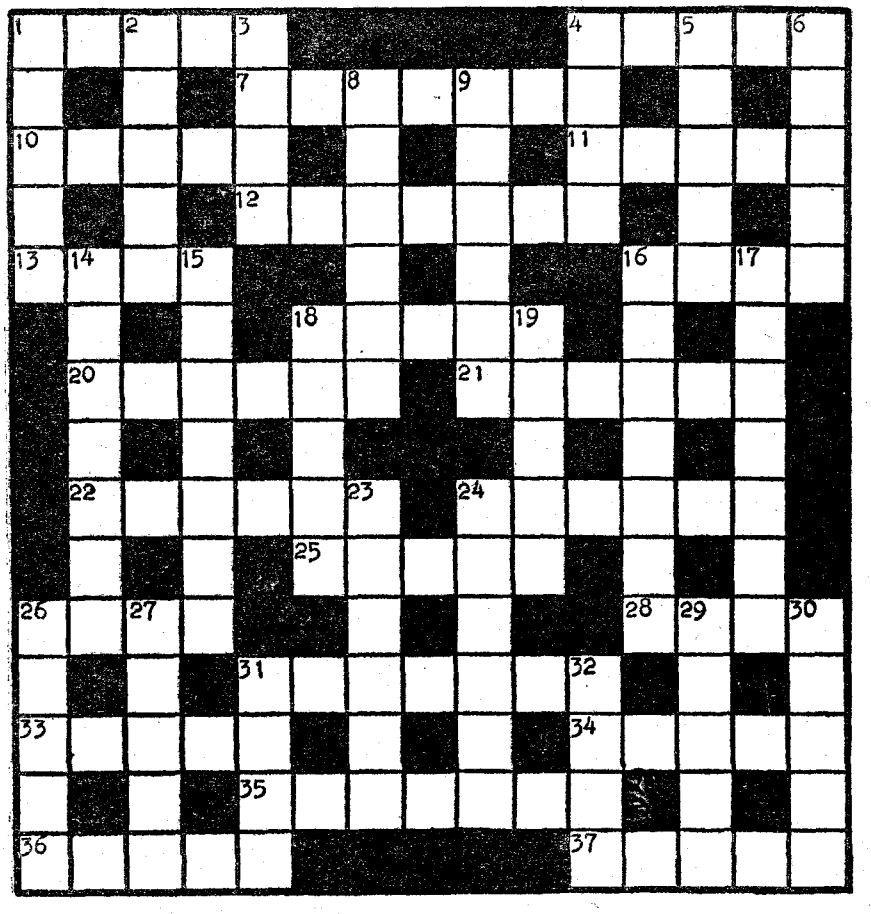
There can be no question that the whole Union Now movement relies upon the strategy of confronting Russia with vastly superior power, and hoping thereby to prevent war. Such a policy does not explicitly invite war with Russia, and therefore both Mr. Streit and Mr. Roberts feel that only malice could prompt the definition of it as "anti-Russian." Yet it is anti-Russian in the sense that it intends to build up a vast union of democratic states from which Russia would be excluded and that it intends to preserve the peace by impressing the Russians with the power of this union.

In the minority report at the Dublin conference Mr. Streit and Mr. Roberts called for a "nuclear union with nations where individual liberty exists, as a step toward the projected world government." This makes the exclusion of Russia from any possible union even more explicit.

From the published record Mr. Roberts and Mr. Streit should be absolved of any conscious desire to create conflict with Russia. They seem rather to believe that a new nuclear federation

Crossword Puzzle No. 157

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 "Keep moving" might be his motto
4 A marine shell
7 Beautiful Athenian courtesan with venomous head
10 Timely aid
11 The reports, so far, are reassuring (hidden)
12 Fish the English call burbot, and the Scots blenny
13 Border on
16 Great guns, perhaps
18 Work for a rise in the bakery business
20 Even worse than being pinned down
21 Nut, Margaret? Here's a kernel
22 A Sarah who considered whist the business of life, and literature one of the relaxations
24 A meddling busybody of a barber
25 The silk stuff shows a stain
26 Wheeled communication
28 Hector Munroe's nom-de-plume
31 Part of the soldier's iron ration?
33 Belinda's diminutive
34 Creeper-covered
35 They couldn't very well play strip-poker (or perhaps they have!)
36 Takes meat
37 An aperient for old sailors

DOWN

1 Sicilian secret society
2 Not quite what is its own reward
3 "Many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have ----d me"
4 This horse is sometimes backed
5 A model girl, apparently
6 Brünnhilde's gift to Siegfried in exchange for his famous ring
8 The country of the Italian river?
9 War cry
14 Even better than an orchestra seat?
15 Let this be Scotland's emblem
16 Big slam (anag.)
17 Wherein a record of the ship's progress is entered
18 They have flat bottoms
19 Edgar Allan Poe's sleuth
23 Endear (anag.)
24 Alf's in the last round!
26 He carried the world on his shoulders
27 Easy to make this weapon clean
29 Prospero's messenger
30 River of India, not of Indiana, U. S.
31 A mobile fort
32 Salut d'amour

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 156

ACROSS:—1 HORSE; 4 EAR; 6 ALLAY; 9 MINUTES; 10 SCROOGE; 11 RULING; 13 VERIFIED; 15 SALUTED; 16 BOTTOM; 17 WERT; 19 RESTFUL; 21 TAFT; 23 GALLON; 25 CITROEN; 27 RESPONSE; 28 EDUCES; 31 WHIFFET; 32 GRAINER; 33 LETHE; 34 ELY; 35 LUCRE.

DOWN:—1 HUMOR; 2 RINGLET; 3 EXTENSOR; 4 ELSA; 5 RUSSET; 6 AFRAID; 7 LEONINE; 8 YIELD; 12 GAMELIN; 13 VULTURE; 14 REFUGEE; 16 BAT; 18 TON; 20 LANDRAIL; 22 FASCIST; 24 LACONIC; 25 COFFEE; 26 TSETSE; 27 ROWEL; 29 SERVE; 30 UGLY.

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of all so-called democratic nations would create a power so preponderant that it would prevent conflict. Whether this is a plausible hope is another matter. Stalin has already answered this proposition. He has declared that if we regard ourselves as stronger than Russia, Russia will prove us to be mistaken. Thus it is hardly logical to speak of a nuclear federation excluding Russia as "a step toward the projected world government." It is more likely to be a step to a third world war. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

New York, March 20

Summer Plans

Dear Sirs: The University of Southern California and the Pacific Coast Council on Intercultural Education will hold a summer workshop on intercultural education from June 24 to August 2.

The members of the staff include Dr. Stewart G. Cole, director of the Pacific Coast Council and of the workshop; Dr. Tanner G. Duckrey, distinguished Negro leader; and Professor Jane Hood of the University of Southern California. Resource leaders will represent special interests in anthropology, group work, psychology, minority-group leadership, and school curriculum.

A number of fellowships and scholarships are available. Application should be made to Mrs. Hood, School of Education, University of Southern California, Los Angeles 7, not later than May 15 in order to secure living quarters. Openings for membership in the workshop are limited in number.

STEWART G. COLE

Los Angeles, March 20

Dear Sirs: Peace—Freedom—Jobs: Our Goals and Our Responsibilities is the theme of a conference planned for men and women interested in international affairs, race relations, and economic problems to be held June 24 through July 5 by the Summer Institute for Social Progess at Wellesley, Mass.

Ordway Tead, chairman of the Board of Higher Education of the City of New York, heads the program committee. Francis K. Ballaine of Adelphi College and the New York School of Social Work will be leader of the faculty, which includes speakers and discussion leaders prominent in a number of civic organizations.

For terms and program plans write me at 14 West Elm Avenue, Wollaston 70, Massachusetts.

DOROTHY P. HILL, Director

Wollaston, Mass., March 21

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